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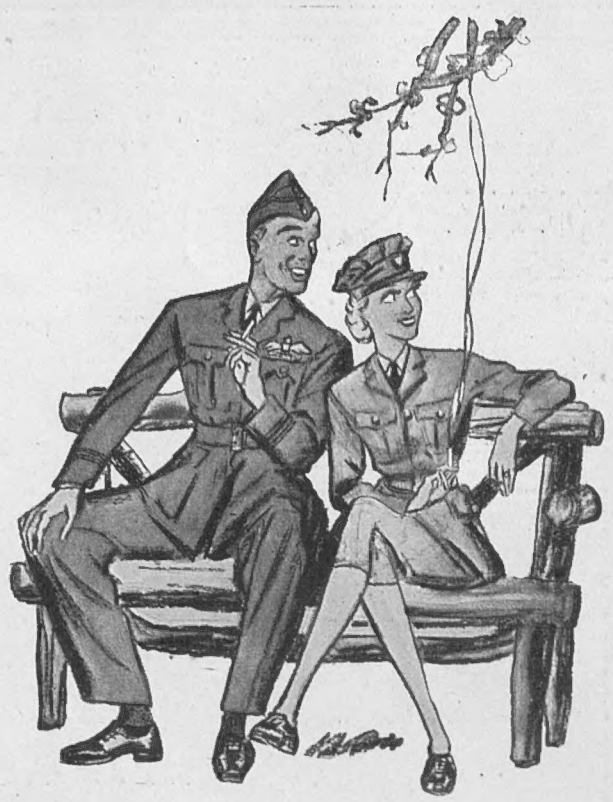

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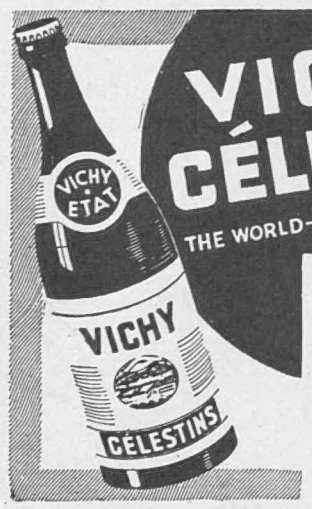


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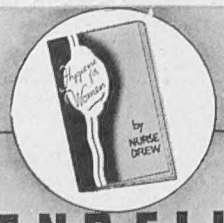


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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 30, 1940

# THE MEN WHO CARRIED OUT THE RAID ON SYLT

## R.A.F. Officers and Sergeants Celebrate Their Success on Returning to the Station Mess

Last week was remarkable for the first attack by the R.A.F. on a German aerodrome. It was a swift answer to the German attack on the Orkneys, when a civilian was killed. The raid began on Tuesday night and continued into Wednesday morning, the 19th and 20th of the month. The first announcement was made in the Commons by the Prime Minister while the raid was actually proceeding, and a subsequent statement was made by Sir Kingsley Wood, Minister for Air, in which he said that the British attacking force was twice as numerous in planes as that of Germany when bombing the Orkneys on the previous Saturday. The attack had the definite objective of the air base in the district of Hornum on Sylt. The pilots had no light task, as they encountered intense anti-aircraft fire from Sylt and the neighbouring islands. Direct hits were obtained on hangars, seaplane slopes, oil tanks and a railway jetty. All machines returned save one

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# A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. XXX

32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, March 27, 1940

**BRENNER PASSES.**—The dictators chose Mr. Chamberlain's birthday on which to meet at the confines of their states to discuss the fate of Europe as they (or one of them) proposed it. Mr. Chamberlain at seventy-one looks no older than Mr. Chamberlain as I remember him ten years ago. They say there is no better sleep-giver than a clear conscience. But Time has thrown its dart at the dictators and hit the Duce hardest. In mind and body he has aged terribly since the adventure of Abyssinia. As for Hitler, those who best know and most blindly follow him, ask themselves: is this the face that launched a thousand tanks and a hundred threats and scares since 1934? But Hitler is still an enigma. The Duce less so. We live in a fog of uncertainty, but if one thing be clear to me to-day it is this: not all Hitler's secret charms (whatever effect they may have on the Duce) are going to lure Italy, her king, the Pope, her marshals, or the Italian people into pulling Nazi chestnuts out of the fire by the expedient of flinging themselves into war against the Allies, so long as her own empire, independence, and vital communications remain unthreatened. If the Duce said war while these things remain safe to Italy then Italy will part with the Duce before she parts with peace. Of that I feel perfectly sure. But political pressure, veiled threats, shaking of heads and sabres, that contribution to the Nazi peace drive we may expect and not greatly worry about.

A SALUTE FOR THE PRIME MINISTER: MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, RETURNING TO DOWNING STREET, IS GREETED BY TWO SOLDIERS ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE. WITH THE PREMIER IS SIR HORACE WILSON

**THE PREMIER'S PROGRESS REPORT.**—The Premier's latest progress report was clear, vigorous, unequivocal and convincing. It must have convinced the world that the Allies could hardly have done more for Finland and would have been still deserving of praise if they had done less. While Finland hesitated, waiting on her hesitant Scandinavian neighbours, the Allies kept on delivering the goods, punctually and to the full. The speech, too, must have convinced the small neutral nations that the act of sitting on a fence, in isolation even from other small fry in like case, wears the colour of a tragic farce. The speech finally must have convinced Mr. Roosevelt that nothing short of the kind of "peace with justice" which he himself has clearly pronounced for, will be listened to by the Allies; and he may therefore save himself from the indignity of associating himself in any peace drive which omits the vital condition—justice for small nations and large alike. It was a fine speech, an air-clearer, and a comfort after a gloomy fortnight. But the Opposition is right; the initiative in operations by sea, air and land must not rest with Hitler.

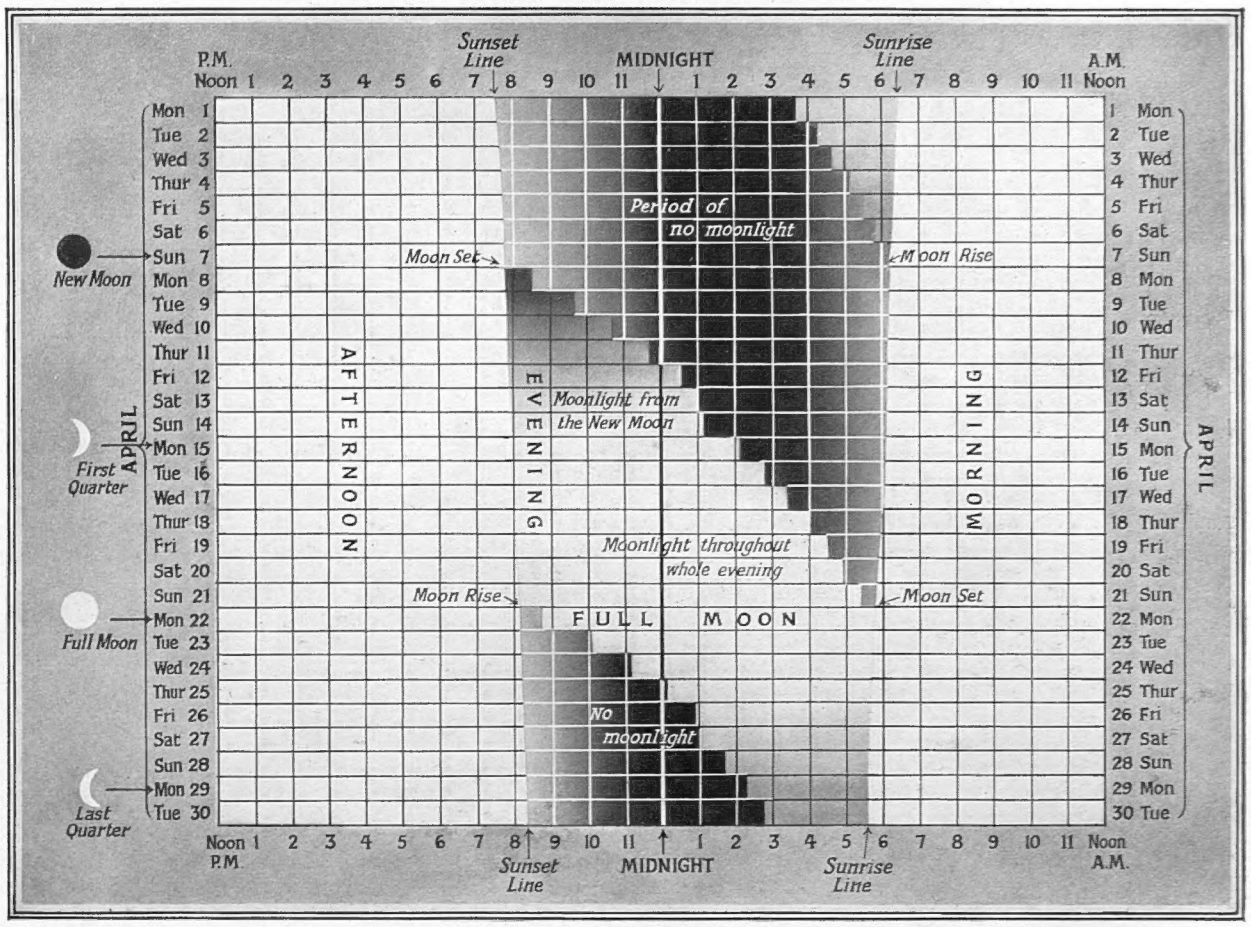
**LESSON OF SCAPA RAIDS.**—Despite the death of a civilian during the larger scale raid on Scapa Flow on March 16, it is clear that the Nazis are still anxious to avoid the indiscriminate bombing of civilians and the inevitable reprisals which would open up an orgy of destruction. It is clear, and that is a good point in the proof of the futility of modern war. It is so awful that it cannot be waged with *utter* ruthlessness, even by combatants to whom conventions, signed guarantees, and the bare dictates of humanity mean nothing at all. The danger always is that an "accident" involving civilian death will one day not be accepted as such. Meanwhile, one more proof is clearly supplied us of the stupidity of curiosity. Every civilian casualty hitherto has been the result of curiosity. There is one rule and one only. If you live in the country and have no shelter, go into the centre of your house under the highest storey, keep away from the windows, and deny to yourself and your children the "war experience" you crave. Your own shells will always offer greater risks to your lives and limbs than the enemy's bombs. At least you can and should avoid splinters whether from enemy bombs or A.A. shells.

**PEACE WITH JUSTICE.**—I view with less concern than do our Government and the majority of the nation what is called this insidious and premature peace talk. I refuse to lash those of any way of thinking who fly this kite or campaign under this banner. And for these reasons: I believe that the Allied peoples are sound and determined, and really may be trusted by their governments (not with lip service but in deed) to stand staunch and to endure to the end until justice is done. I believe that any peace banner which does not bear the words "Peace with Justice" waves in vain and is not worth a passing expression of annoyance from a choleric bull. I do not think we need to be told by any neutral national, even a high dignitary of the Church in America, that we must beware of premature peace. That indeed comes ill from any neutral, most of all from America, which lashed us for not taking a strong line in 1938 and which, after we had reluctantly taken up arms in the cause of world freedom, honour, and decency, has been trying to harmonise commercial and political expediency with the stark, inexorable dictates of civilised morality. The European stage plays every day the tragic farce, "Neutrality à la mode," and its pitifulness needs no dramatic critic's lash. Even to-day, before the war has begun, to talk of peace with justice can do no harm to our morale. Our own words daily commit us more and more deeply to peace with justice, and none other—our words to the Czechs, the Poles, the Austrians, the German people themselves. The more we speak of peace, while we use and sharpen the sword, the more chance there is that our words may be heard inside Germany. The burning minute must break, there is no escape from that and the horrors it implies. Many of us, indeed, now feel that, if Germany hesitates much longer to let Hell loose, we ourselves must throw back the door. But while we hesitate to throw it open, and even as we throw it open, still we may and must declare for, and speak of, and plan for, peace with justice. Peace with justice would have been far nearer to-day, might indeed have been with us to-day, if the ideals of the League had held together and stiffened the hearts of all those neutrals, big and small, which now offer us warnings and criticisms, uneasily balanced on the fence of the bull-ring in isolated positions whither their panicking feet carried them. If there be one country in the world which in 1940 should keep silence even from good words, or offer criticism and advice with humility to the Allies, it is that great and powerful nation which flourishes under the Statue of Liberty and never ceases to boast of liberty and all the sacrifices which its preservation demands.

**JOINTS IN THEIR HARNESS.**—After half a year of war it is perfectly easy to find gaps in the defensive armour of our Government. The Finnish peace provides something more than a gap—a gape. It is easy enough to cry "too late," to cry "half-hearted," and to cry "wobblers and muddlers." Unfriendly Europe is throwing up its hat at the discomfiture of the Allies and at another diplomatic defeat; and the Europe and civilisation which sits on the fence is more sure than ever that it has taken a wise seat. It is easy to criticise but, even if it were patriotic, would it be fair to do so? What would you, the critic, do or have done? What these six months of war have shown us was very strongly put by General Spears in the latter part of his *Prelude to Victory*. In war a statesman of a democratic country appears to shrink to the proportions of a well-meaning amateur. War is not his *métier*. His "permanent official" can no longer direct his steps along a smooth and milestoned road, as he does in peace, and leave him to do the talking. War is an ever new and ever unknown science. Each war brings out fresh problems never fully studied. If you turn back to Ludendorff's war memoirs you will find that highly-trained general staffs also prove to be mere guessing amateurs at the beginning of a new war, and that fact lends point to what General Elles admirably said on the wireless about the German Army of 1940. In short, every new war turns into guessers and amateurs the heads of every department of every state. It is the truth—but not a matter for criticism—that since the war began the Allied statesman have been guessing, have been fuddled, and are learning a new job. But that is equally true of the Nazis, and of the Russians, and of the neutrals.

**WAR IS A GUESSING MATCH.**—This war is one gigantic note of interrogation and only the fools and those in happy retirement are certain of what should be done. That is the great futility of all wars, that every man jack in office and out of it is a learner, an amateur and, *ergo*, often a bungler. Their errors are paid for in human life and treasure. It cannot be otherwise. What, then, may we pray for in our leaders? No more than this—That in a great game of guessing, they will learn with humility, act straight, keep their word, admit their errors and do the best they can to learn their business quickly. The Allied leaders know these truths. The key to the standstill on the Western Front is France's remembrance of the insensate waste of human life in France and Flanders in 1917. Our leaders indeed are almost too conscious of the frightful errors of the late war. But so are the Germans. Each side is reluctant to begin a serious war and in that fact there is comfort as well as danger. The gaff is blown on war—the pacifist can take comfort from that, and take advantage of it also. Its imbecility is so clearly proved that even the blasting bitterness of hate cannot quickly set the wheels in motion where the opposing forces are fairly equal. When you feel like criticising the French or British governments or commanders in the field, remember this. Every one of them is a learner, every one an amateur with his business to learn, and every one is determined to learn it with the least possible damage to his own side. And what is true of the Allies, is equally true of the Nazis. War is a puzzle, always a new puzzle, and none comes to it with a solution or even with a plan.

**BEATING THE AIR.**—If you accept this premise (and I believe it to be incontestible) you accept it that every war at its inception is fought—even if foreseen and prepared for—by windmill fighters, such as are fourth-form boys put up to fight out a quarrel. Their words bear little relation to their deeds, their actions and blows are delivered on no ordered plan. They try to defend themselves and hit out if they get a chance. They are afraid of taking punishment, afraid to be thought cowards, afraid to acerbate the spirit of the fight. And that being admitted (for can you point to anything consistent even in Nazi policy or action since September, 1939?), we in Britain are offered one broad line of speculation rather than criticism. We may fairly speculate whether the vast expenditure of energy and money on propaganda to enemy and neutrals has really paid for itself? Was it worth it? Has it enhanced our reputation and our cause? Are we one penny better placed with the neutrals or any neutral as a result of it; have we achieved results inside Germany? If in a windmill encounter your words bear no relation to your actions, which are spasmodic and little premeditated, is not silence best? Do not words spilt contradict themselves and reduce your reputation? What *has* influenced neutrals hitherto? Not morality, not conscience. Fear or distaste for war first, and actions by the combatants second. Not words, but actions. If Ribbentrop achieves a diplomatic scoop (so-called for a day), Allied stock falls; if the Allies sink a Nazi battleship, Allied stock rises. If we had done our guessing in silence, would not the enemy perhaps have been forced to guess harder, while neutral policy (based on quite other grounds than words) would not have been less or more influenced?




**"THE SPHERE'S" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL**

This moonlight chart for April is arranged on a Summer Time basis, so that the times indicated for moonrise and moonset and so forth will coincide with clock time. The month opens with a period of no moonlight. A thin crescent moon may be seen about the 9th and 10th. By the second week-end there is an appreciable effect from the growing moon. In the third week of the month—from the 15th to the 21st—there is a period of moonlight all through the evening. After the 22nd the moon begins to rise late and by the 25th is no use to the evening theatre-goer or the late traveller in the countryside. By the end of the month the moon has ceased to be of use to the ordinary citizen but gives a few hours of moonlight to the many night watchers who welcome its appearance however late

**FROM THE FRONT BENCH.**—When I listened to Sir Archibald Sinclair speaking for the Liberals last week on the wireless, I confessed once more that he has trained himself to speak very well. They nearly all model their technique on Mr. Churchill's. (You must have observed it most clearly in the case of Sir Archibald and General Elles.) But Sir Archibald's speech induced other reflections. It surprised me to hear that he had not so addressed us since the outbreak of war, because what he said has, word for word, been drummed into our ears by a succession of speakers day in and day out for six long months. If you could collect and compare these speeches you would hardly find a sentence out of place, a word changed or a sentiment differently expressed. There is only one variant. According to his political label, the speaker introduces a puff of his particular party, plays the party game as far as he thinks it justified by patriotism. Is it possible that we are to listen to this set speech, day after day as long as the war lasts? Is there to be no relief, no variation, no new thought introduced? "There can be no peace with Nazism. Hitler keeps his pledged word only as long as it suits him. Look at Czechoslovakia, Poland, etc. Because we have not yet suffered mass-bombardment, we must not expect perpetual immunity. We have terrible sacrifices and experiences before us" and so on. Are we indeed doomed to hear these trite repetitions and nothing else whatever from the front benches? Is not the boredom of the most terrible war enough without these added burdens of boredom? What does this eternal repetition of the same sentences profit the nation, the politicians, the neutrals, the enemy? Tell me that.

**THE MAN WHO PLANNED THE GREAT RAID ON SYLT**

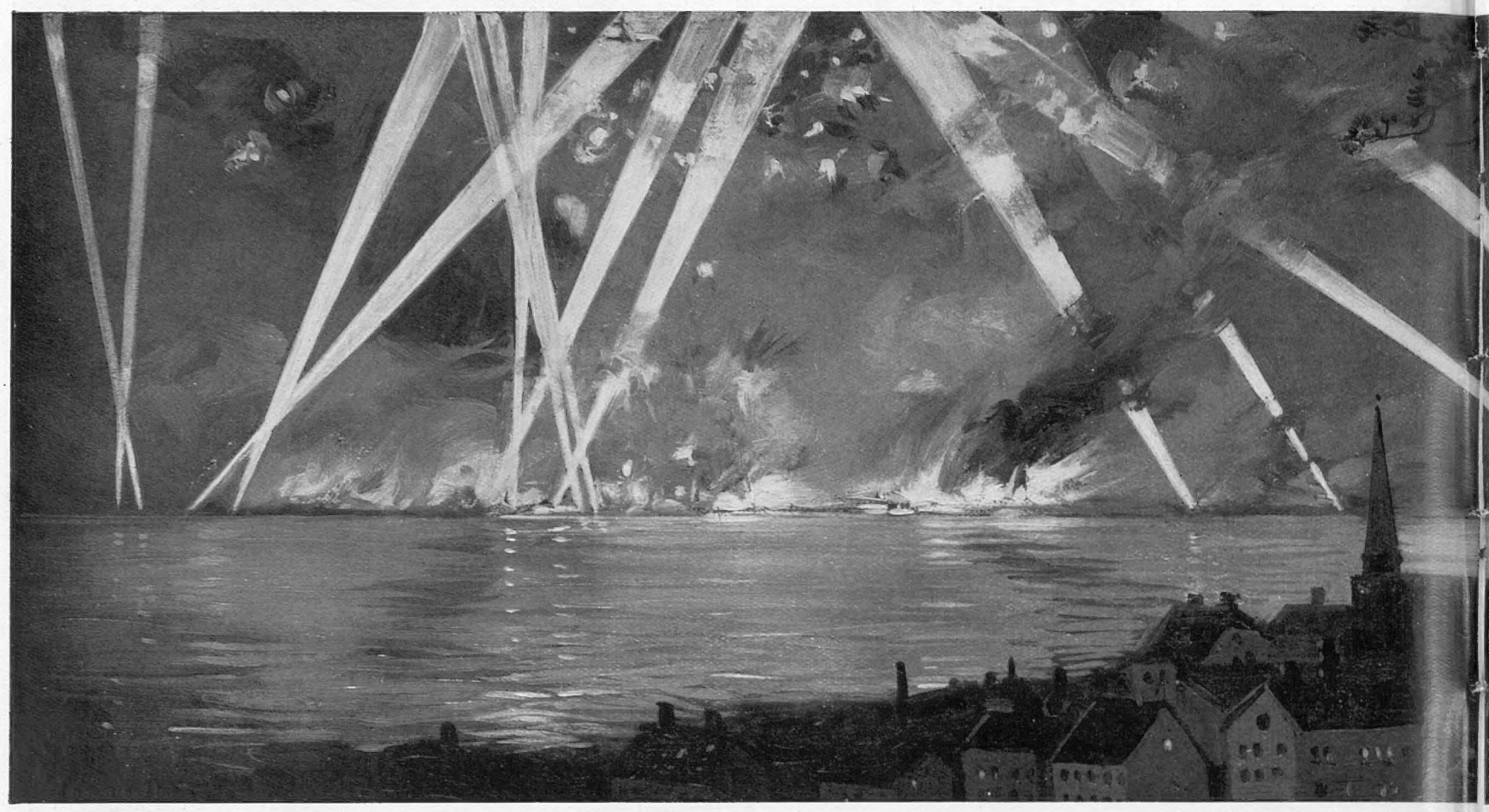
A new official portrait of Air Chief Marshal Sir Edgar Ludlow-Hewitt, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., Air Officer Commanding in Chief, Bomber Command, R.A.F., who was responsible for the planning and organisation of the reprisal raid on the seaplane base at Hornum on the Island of Sylt. He is noted for his bold ideas and enterprise. He joined the R.F.C. from the Royal Irish Rifles in 1914, and gained the D.S.O. and M.C. as a fighting pilot in the last war

**HUNTER - BUNTER.**—Lieut.-General Sir Aylmer Hunter Weston, who died by an accident last week, was one of the legends of the Great War. The fool may say in his heart that "Hunter-Bunter" kept the spirit of his troops alive in dark times by his own unconscious humour. In truth, no leader of men (and he was a notable one) was more conscious of his powers of inspiration and leadership, and at the back of their minds his men recognised those powers and admired and loved the general who took such shrewd care of them while wearing a motley and flamboyant cloak. He had confidence in himself and in them and a fine faith and love of country. He was without fear or doubt and a man of recognised military capacity. Stories of his postures, speeches and discomfitures multiplied during the war on many fronts, but the men at the top, who smiled at these tales or were annoyed by them, never thought to apply a sponge to the gum of his label. He was too useful not to be suffered to enjoy his mild idiosyncrasies. The most famous tales concerning him surround his heroic oratory and romantic periods. "I, your Corps Commander, salute the gallant dead," as there passed him, borne by devoted friends on a stretcher, a blind drunk who had monopolised the rum ration. Or the gas-mask container story, which is told of other commanders also—how at an inspection of gas-masks, he sought to press home to a delinquent the lesson of gas precautions by opening his own container, only to find that his servant had filled it with his shaving kit. The stories are legion, but the old General from the Land o' Cakes was a legion, too. His courage, confidence and flamboyant pride were worth many battalions. He was something of a D'Artagnan and something of a Cyrano, with a dash of Quixote.

**A PEERAGE PUZZLE.**—The question of whether an individual Englishman shall or shall not assume a peerage is small enough beer, you may think, in this year of grace and disgrace, this year of fate. True; yet its doubts and speculative possibilities are more pleasant and not more obscure than the places of the combatants for loosing hell on earth. The death of the 13th Duke of Hamilton raises the question of whether his second son, Lord Nigel, will go to the House of Lords as the Earl of Selkirk. This is the origin of the puzzle. Lord William Douglas, fourth son of the 1st Marquis of Douglas, was born in 1634, with a silver spoon in his mouth and primrose path under his feet. At the age of twenty-two, he was created Earl of Selkirk, Lord Daer and Shortcleuch. At the age of thirty-two he married Anne, Duchess of Hamilton in her own right. She petitioned the Crown to create him Duke of Hamilton, Marquess of Clydesdale, Earl of Arran, Lanark, Selkirk, Lord Aven, Mackansire, Polmont and Daer for life only. The "Crown" agreed; thought it most reasonable. The new Duke, when the time came, was among the first to desert the "Crown" (in the person of James II). He died in 1694 and all his life peerages became extinct. During his life, however, he had resigned his own peerages of Selkirk, Daer and Shortcleuch to his younger son Charles, to whom in 1688 they were granted by James II by *novodamus*, with the ordinary devolutary provisos plus a special proviso that they must never devolve on any heir who might succeed to the Dukedom. If such Duke stood as heir also to the Selkirk, etc., peerages, he must stand aside for his younger brother as regards these peerages and be content with his Dukedom and other titles. The nut is to be cracked by the Committee of Privileges. What is the legal force to-day of that writ of *novodamus*? Is there any parallel of a second son going to the House of Lords at the same time as his eldest brother by successions from their father? I cannot call one to mind.

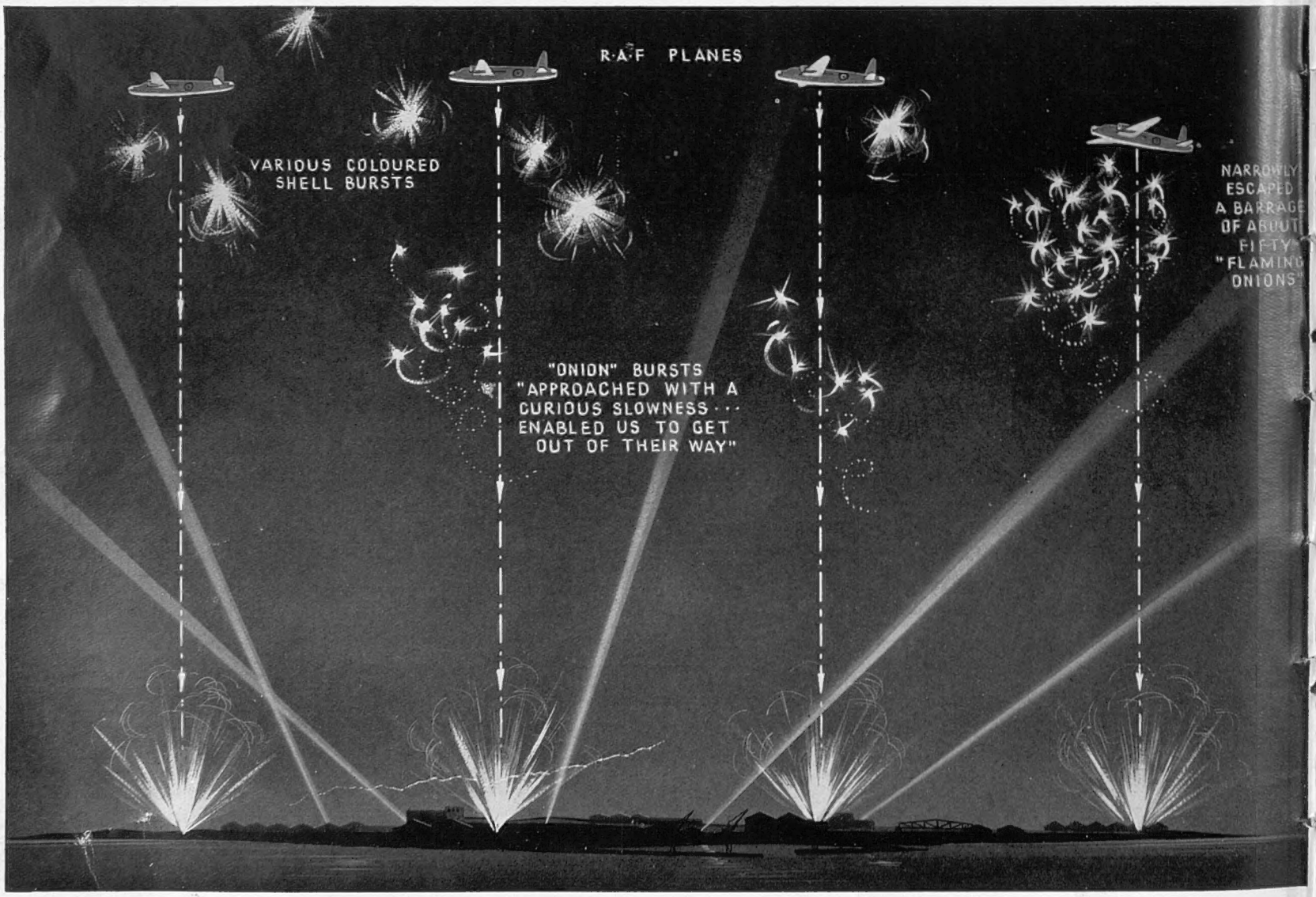
THE OLD STAGER

# THE R.A.F. GO INTO ACTION—THE SIX-HOUR REPRISAL



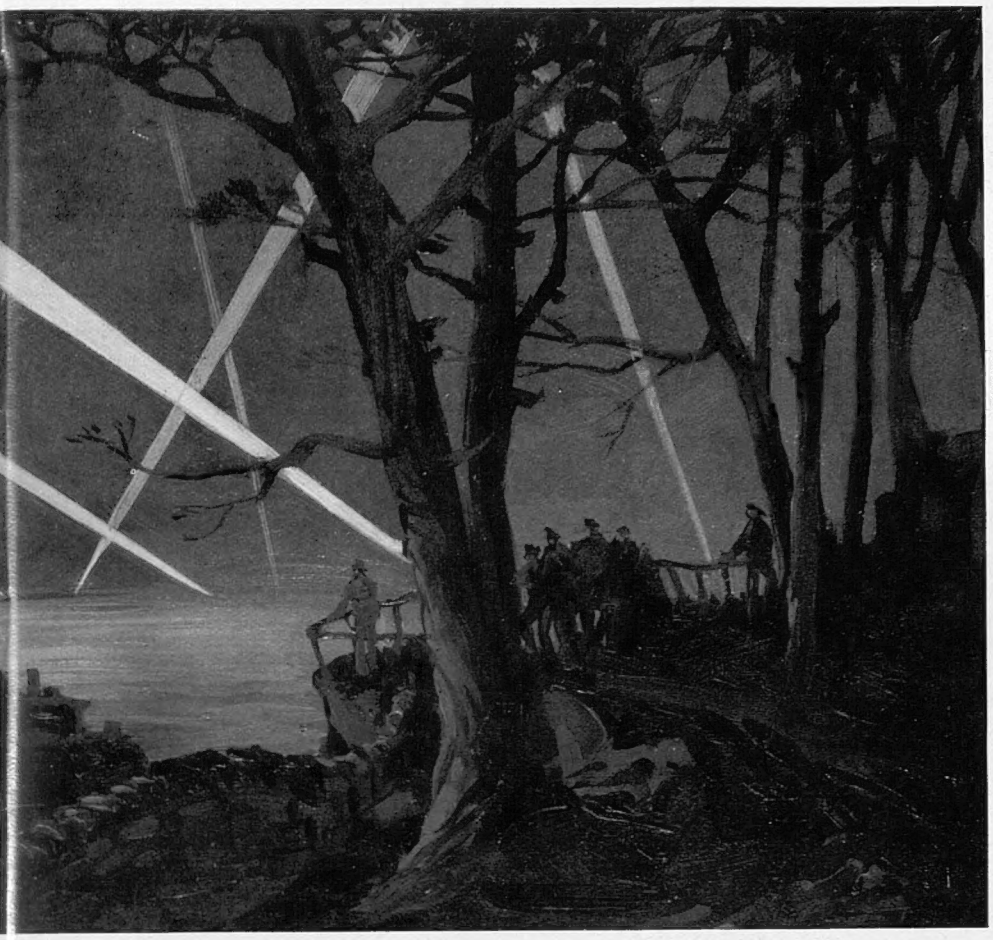
*Drawn for* THE SPHERE *by Montague Dawson*

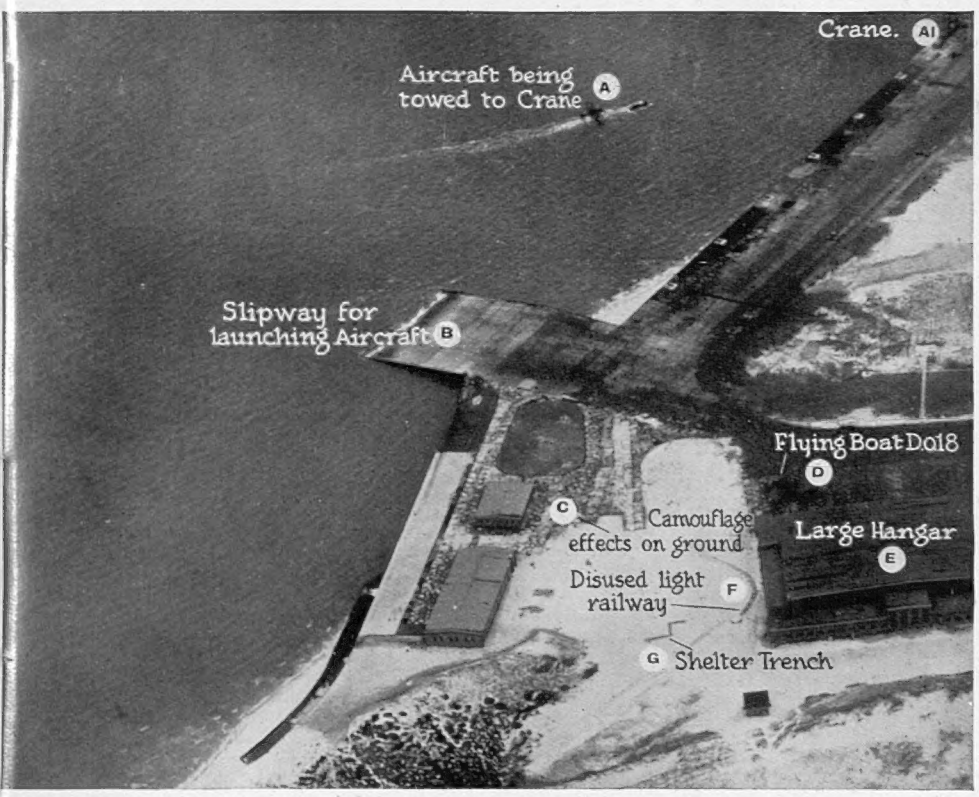
**THE RAID IN PROGRESS**—THE BOMBING OF HORNUM AS SEEN FROM SOME MILES AWAY BY DANISH OBSERVERS ON THE COAST: The raid on Hornum carried out by squadrons of the Bomber Command of the R.A.F. on the night of March 19-20 was by way of reprisal for the German aerial attack on land bases in the Orkneys on March 16. Hornum is an important German seaplane base on the Island of Sylt, from which German seaplanes have been engaged in minelaying and in attacks on our shipping. For six hours relays of bombers carried out a continuous series of attacks—a strong force, involving more than double the number of German aircraft engaged on the 16th, taking part. The aircraft encountered intense anti-aircraft fire from gun positions on Sylt and on adjacent islands, but this did not prevent the R.A.F. bombers from reaching and dropping a large number of bombs on their target. From neutral territory—along the Danish coast—observers had a first-class view of the combat; it is from their published reports that Mr. Montague Dawson has created the drawing given above. Apparently wave after wave of bombers was launched against Hornum; flashes and flames lit up the sky, and the glow from burning buildings could be seen long after each wave of bombers had passed



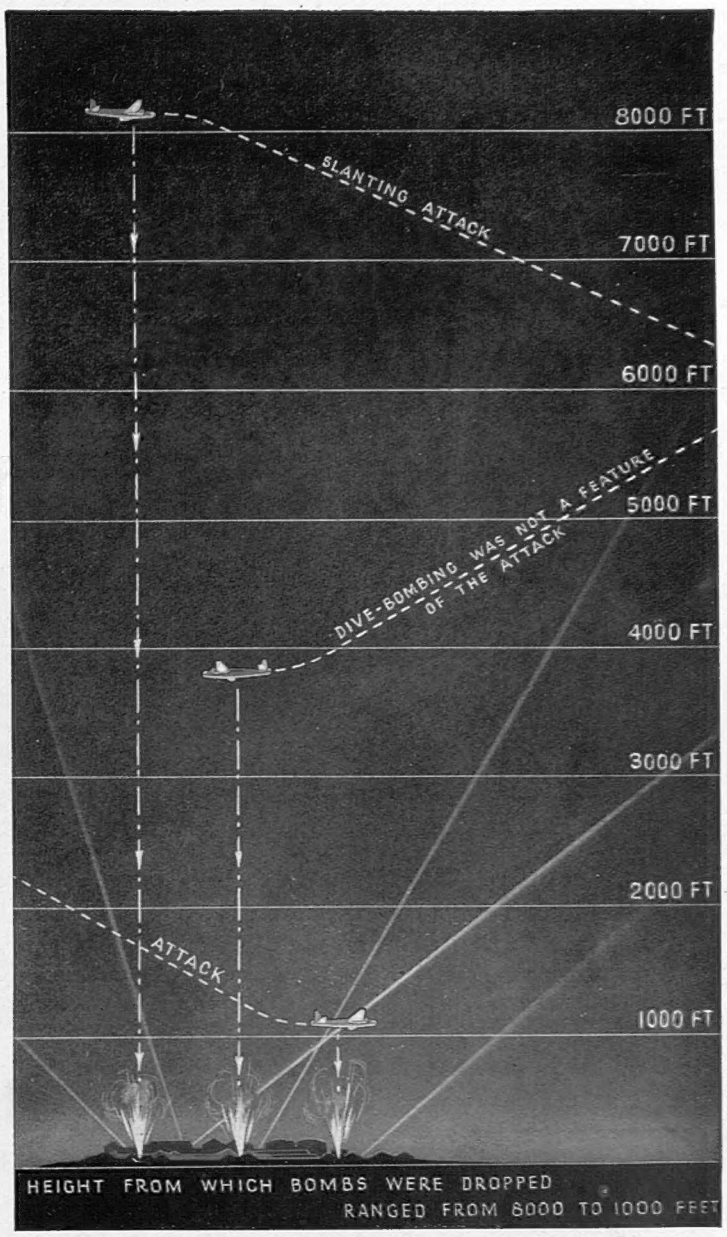

THE R.A.F. ENCOUNTER HEAVY ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE AND THE WEIRD "FLAMING ONIONS" OF THE GERMAN DEFENDERS: First-hand accounts of the raid on Syit fully substantiate the earlier reports of the extensive damage inflicted upon the Hornum seaplane base, despite German denials and "conducted tours" to the alleged scene of the conflict. They also confirm that the British raiders met with determined and almost incessant opposition from the island's strong ground defence system. Describing the weird objects depicted above, one pilot reported on his return as follows: "A.A. fire was heavy, including 'flaming onions.' It was the first time I had encountered them. It was curiously fascinating to see how slowly they seemed to approach the aircraft. Luckily their slowness gave us plenty of time to get out of the way." The real object of these "onions" is still not quite clear, various experts adducing differing reasons for their employment by the Germans.

# ATTACK ON THE ISLAND OF SYLT



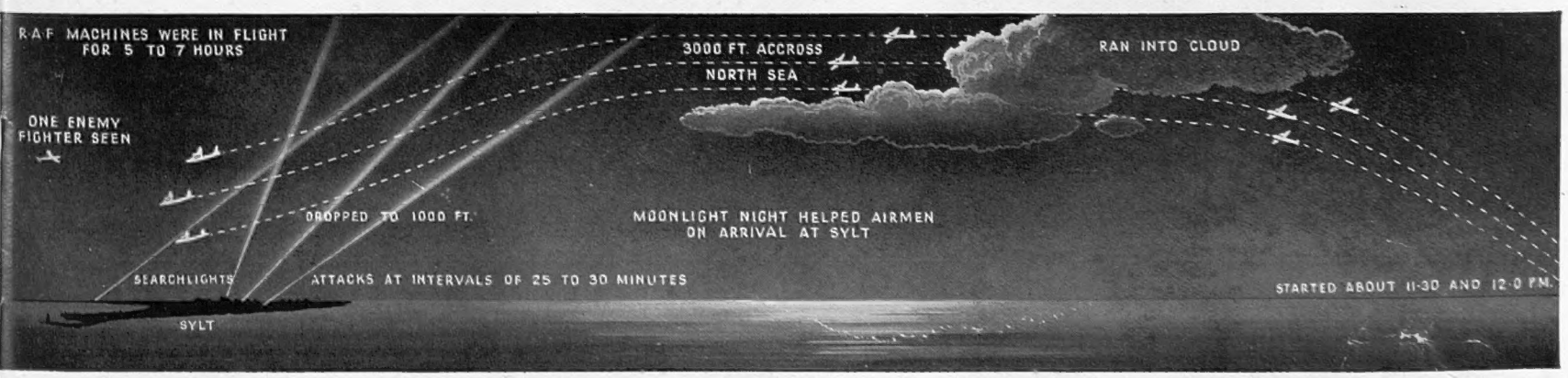



THE HORNUM SEAPLANE BASE ON THE ISLAND OF SYLT, SCENE OF THE WAR'S MOST SPECTACULAR ATTACK—A PICTURE TAKEN BY THE R.A.F. IN RECONNAISSANCE




HOW THE ATTACK WAS CARRIED OUT: DIVE BOMBING WAS NOT EMPLOYED IN THE RAID; BOMBS WERE DROPPED FROM HEIGHTS OF FROM 8,000 TO 1,000 FT. IN A SERIES OF SLANTING ATTACKS

THE RETURN OF THE RAIDERS—THE CREW OF ONE OF THE BOMBERS RETURN TO THEIR HOME BASE IN ENGLAND




THE WEATHER CONDITIONS WHICH PREVAILED DURING THE NIGHT OF MARCH 19-20 WHILST THE RAID WAS IN PROGRESS: The aircraft engaged in the raid left England between 11.30 and 12 p.m. on March 19. After a start in clear weather they ran into cloud at about 3,000 ft. over the North Sea. Passing through this, however, the remainder of the journey was helped by clear moonlight. Over the target the moonlight prevailed for some time, but clouded over gradually towards morning. The aircraft involved were in the air from five to seven hours, and the attacks were carried out from various heights—from 8,000 ft. to 1,000 ft. (as shown in the upper-right diagram). Attacks were made at intervals of from twenty-five to thirty minutes, and during the whole course of the raid only one enemy aircraft was seen and this made no attempt to engage the bombers in aerial combat. After six hours of continuous attack, the last bomber returned to its base in England at 6.30 on the morning of March 20. After the raid it was found that only one British aeroplane had failed to return to its base

# THE AUSTRALIANS IN PALESTINE

*The First Australians in the Holy Land; And British Cavalry in Nazareth*

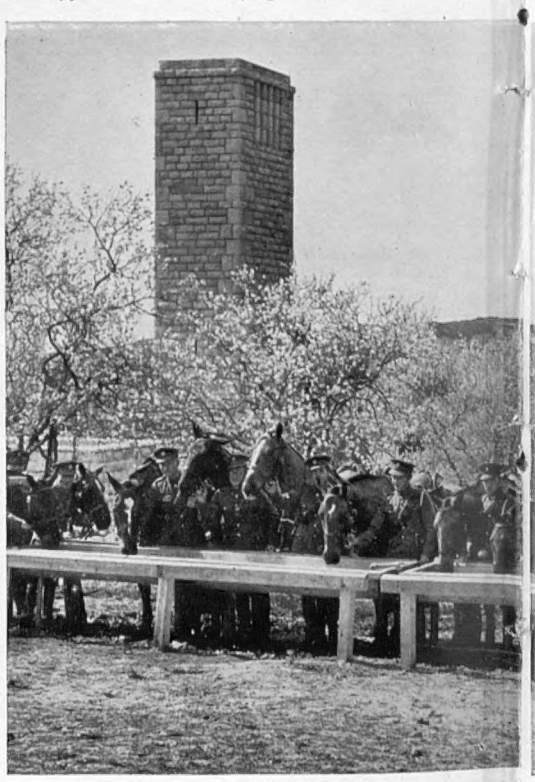
**THE AUSTRALIANS IN PALESTINE HAVE THEIR FIRST VIEW OF THE HOLY CITY OF JERUSALEM**

The promptitude with which the Dominions rallied to the support of Great Britain must have come as a terrific shock to the Germans. Following this, the unheralded arrival of the Australians and New Zealanders in Egypt and Palestine must have caused an equally unpleasant jar: for now the enemy knows that the Near East, on which he had been casting covetous glances, is beyond his reach—now or in the future. The first contingents of Australian troops to arrive in Palestine have quickly settled down. Shortly a scheme for officially organised visits to places of historic interest in the Holy Land will be put into operation. Meanwhile, numbers of our overseas forces are taking the opportunity of visiting the narrow streets and quaint bazaars of the Old City of Jerusalem

THROUGH THE QUAINT, NARROW BAZAARS OF THE HOLY LAND—AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS IN OCCUPATION OF PALESTINE INSPECT THE CITY WHICH WAS THE CRADLE OF CHRISTIANITY

**WHERE CAVALRY IS STILL EMPLOYED: TROOPS**

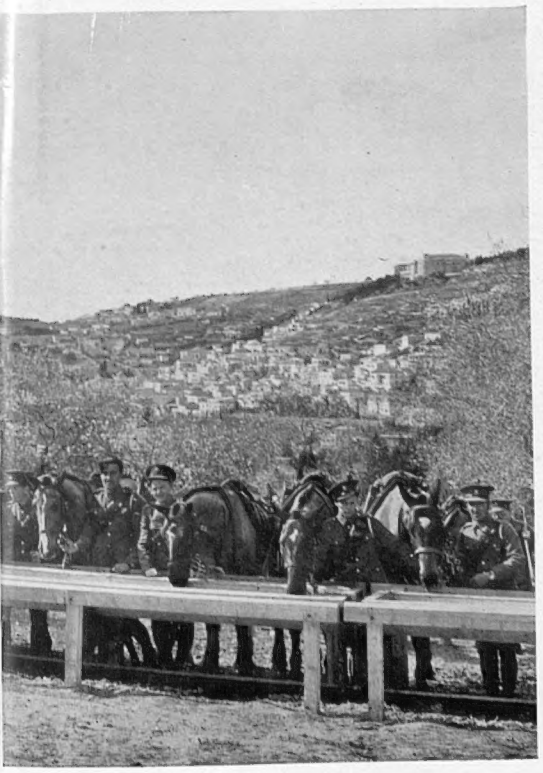
Although the armies of the Western Front have long since been mechanised, there are still a few places where British cavalry can find a job to do. One such country is Palestine, where the nature of the terrain would afford fine opportunities for sweeping movements should the war



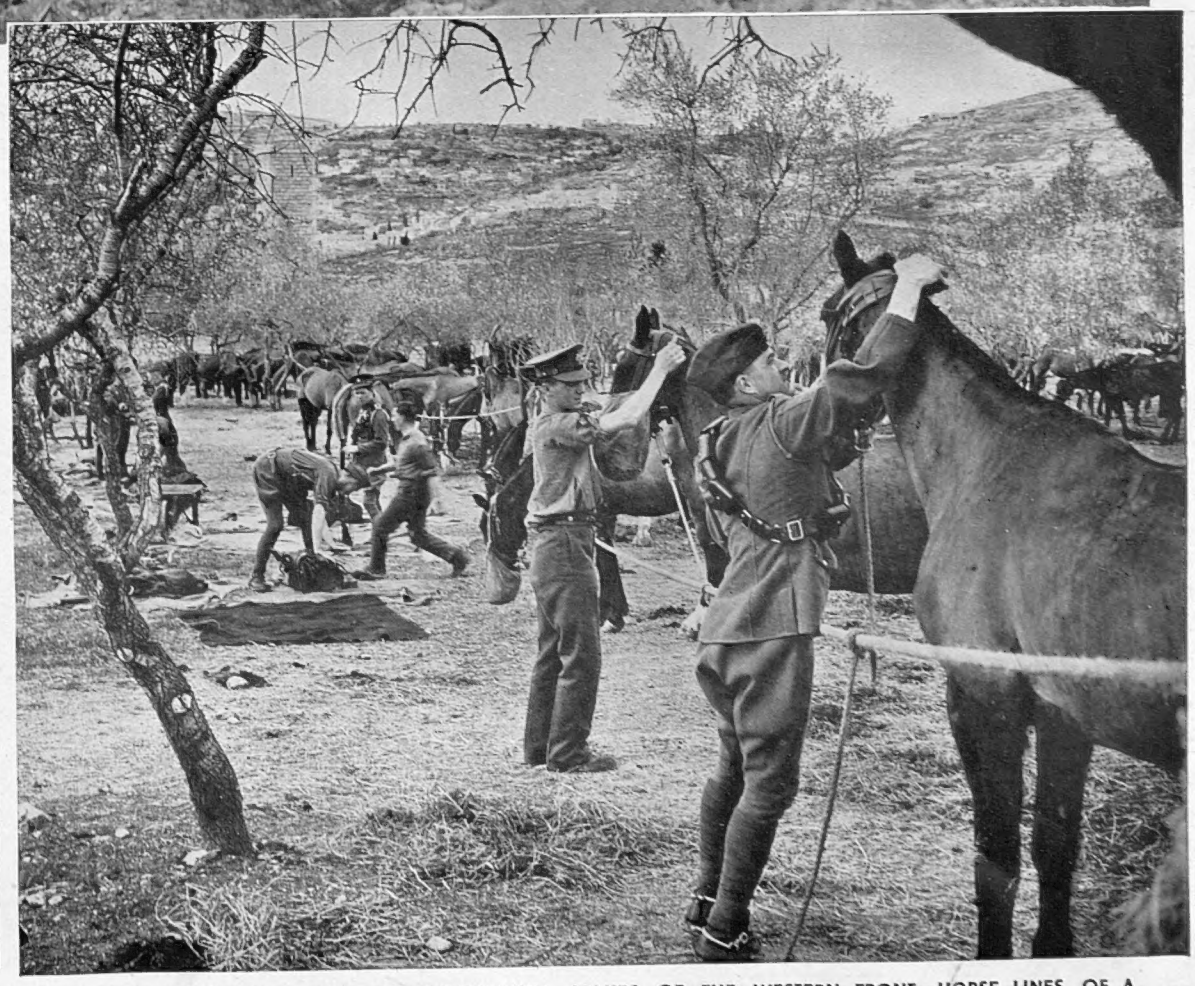
WITH THE HISTORIC BIBLICAL CITY OF NAZARETH THEIR HORSES AT IMPROVISED

**ON THE MOVE NEAR THE CITY OF NAZARETH**

in this area develop. The pictures reproduced here were taken during the course of exercises in the vicinity of the Biblical City of Nazareth by a famous cavalry regiment. In the last war mounted regiments under the command of Allenby played a very decisive part in the Eastern campaign



**AS A BACKGROUND—BRITISH CAVALRY WATERING TROUGHS UNDER THE CITY WALLS**



**A PLEASING CHANGE FROM THE MECHANISED ARMIES OF THE WESTERN FRONT—HORSE LINES OF A BRITISH CAVALRY REGIMENT ESTABLISHED IN AN ORCHARD NEAR THE CITY OF NAZARETH**

## THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" ARRIVES SAFELY IN NEW YORK—THE MOMENT OF HER ARRIVAL, AS SHE BERTHED ALONGSIDE THE "QUEEN MARY" (in centre), WHICH HAS SINCE LEFT ON AN UNKNOWN MISSION, AND THE FRENCH LINER "NORMANDIE" (on left)

On February 26—unaccompanied by any of the tumult and acclaim accorded to her sister ship *Queen Mary*—the *Queen Elizabeth* left her fitting-out basin at Messrs. John Brown's Clydebank yard for a dash across the Atlantic which will live long in mercantile history. The £6,000,000 vessel, of 85,000 tons, is the largest ship afloat to-day. Painted a dull grey, with all her portholes closed and painted the same colour, the *Queen Elizabeth* braved the dangers of the Atlantic and successfully reached safety in New York Harbour after a trip during which no German submarine or other hostile craft was sighted. The picture reproduced above was taken at the moment when the *Queen Elizabeth* was being nosed into her berth by a fleet of busy tugs. She took up station alongside the *Queen Mary*, seen in the centre. A few days after the arrival of the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Queen Mary* left the safety of New York on a secret mission

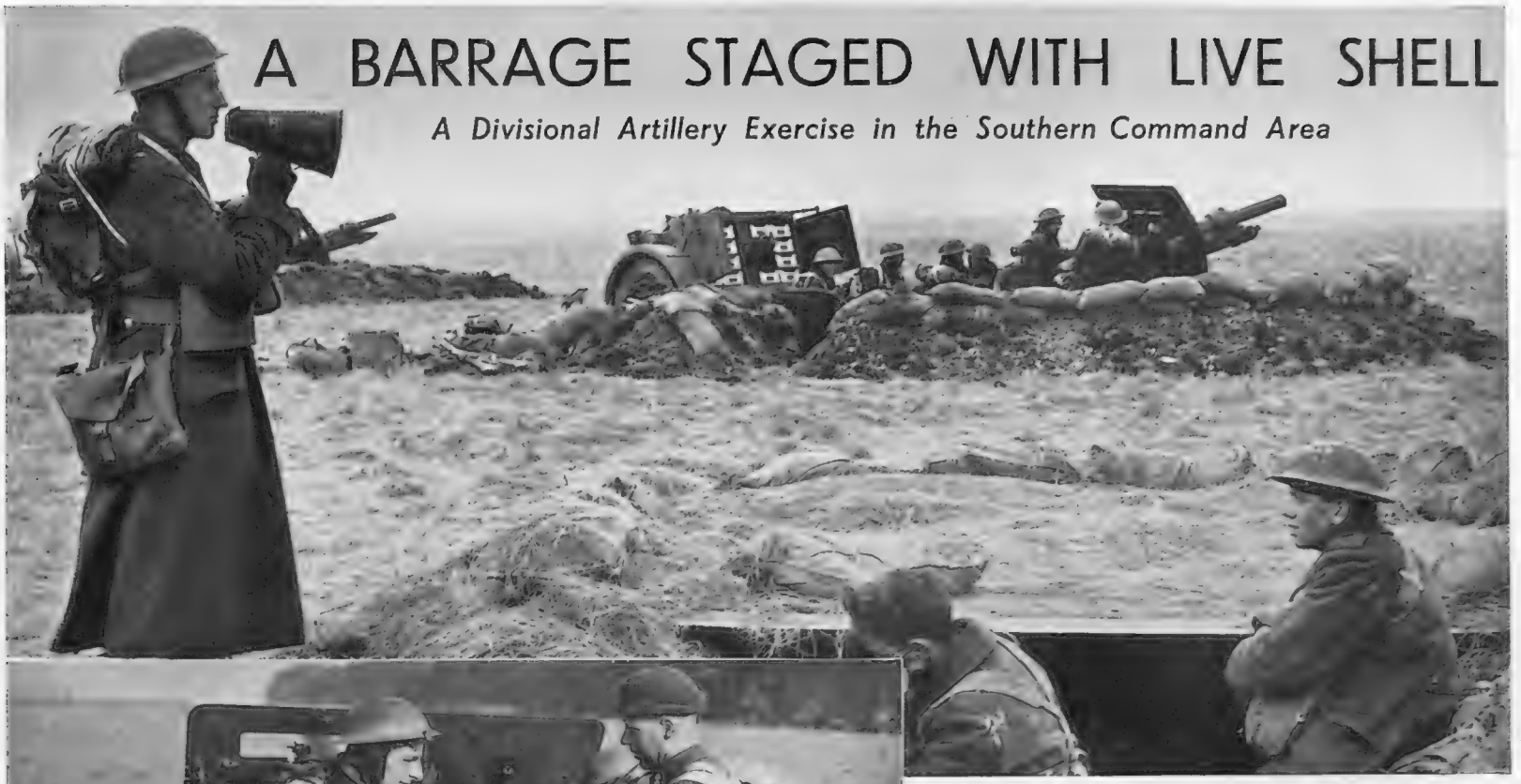
## THE NEW FRENCH CABINET

**—M. REYNAUD AND HIS MINISTERS LEAVE THE ELYSEE AFTER THE TRADITIONAL VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT**

After two years in office as Premier of France, M. Daladier has been forced by opposition amongst his followers to resign. His successor is M. Paul Reynaud, wizard of finance and financial regenerator of his country: he has already assumed office, taking to himself in addition to the Premiership the position of Minister for Foreign Affairs. The picture *on the left* shows the new French Cabinet: in the front row, from left to right, are seen—M. Laurent-Eynac (Air), M. Pomaret (Labour), M. Campinchi (Navy), M. Sarraut (Education), M. Daladier (former Premier; War and Defence), M. Paul Reynaud (Premier and Foreign Affairs), and M. Chautemps (Vice-Premier). The other ministers are ranged behind their leader on the steps of the Elysee

# A BARRAGE STAGED WITH LIVE SHELL

## *A Divisional Artillery Exercise in the Southern Command Area*



**PUMPING LIVE SHELLS OVER THE HEADS OF INTERVENING TROOPS ON A SOUTHERN EXERCISE GROUND:** A divisional artillery exercise, involving a barrage by twenty-five pounders and covering some three miles of country, was held recently in the Southern Command. Onlookers, including a number of Canadian Air Force officers, had the opportunity of moving up to the objective afterwards and seeing for themselves the effects of the barrage. The officer in the foreground is correcting the range on receiving reports by telephone

**A REINFORCEMENT OF ARTILLERY COMES INTO OPERATION**

Two members of the crew of this gun are well-known figures in the sporting world. Bombardier D. Howe, ex-Bolton Wanderers footballer (on left), is holding a charge while Sergeant M. Goslin, ex-right-half Bolton Wanderers, rams home the charge

**WHERE HUMAN MUSCLES COME INTO PLAY**

*Above*, some live shells are being conveyed to the guns in a crate, carried on the shoulder, while *on the left* shell-cases are being removed. A creeping barrage was put down during the battle, and machine-gun nests and other strong points were attacked. Shells shrieked over the infantrymen in training, giving them an experience of an actual barrage

b

# THE PROBLEM of the BALTIC

## —Can it be Forced by Naval Effort?

By FRANK BOWEN

LAYMEN are admittedly disappointed that the British Navy, for all its numerical superiority over the German and its proved ability to win a victory against odds, has been unable to force its way into the Baltic in order to render assistance first to Poland and then to Finland, permitting both these gallant little countries to be overwhelmed. Is the forcing of the Baltic physically impossible? has been asked.

The late Lord Fisher spent millions on the specially designed ships of the Courageous class before going into the question of whether his pet Baltic scheme was possible, but even he had to surrender the idea. Later investigations, when it was of the greatest importance for the British Navy to support the crumbling Russian resistance, seemed to confirm the impression that the task was well-nigh impossible.

Favoured with the right winds, Nelson was able to get through to the attack on the Danish Fleet at Copenhagen and Napier entered the Baltic in the Crimean war, but in those days the mine and the torpedo were not invented and they have made all the difference.

There are three entrances to the Baltic Sea from the southern end of the Kattegat. The most easterly one is the Sound, between the Danish island of Zealand and the Swedish coast. The middle one is the Great Belt, between Zealand and Funen, both Danish, while the Little Belt runs between Funen and the mainland of Denmark. The Little Belt can be ignored at once, for at the best of times it is only suitable for the smallest ships and for the last five years it has been blocked by a railway bridge which would effectively prevent the passage of warships.

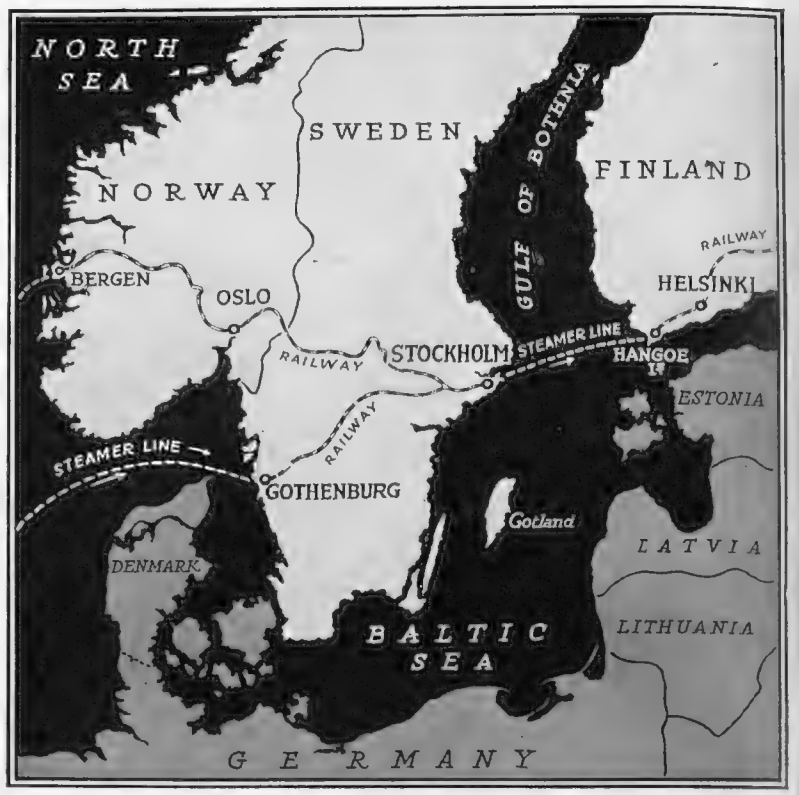
The Sound is the most direct route and is the one usually favoured by all trading vessels of moderate size, but it is limited to 26½ ft. of water in the Drogden Channel at its southerly end, which would exclude all armoured ships which draw 30 ft. and more and which would prevent many of the larger cruisers passing through at a safe speed, for although they would have a few feet of water under their keels when going dead slow, increased power would immediately make them "sit down by the stern" and hit the ground. This channel was mined by the Danes in 1914 under pressure of German threats, although it was admitted to be against international law. The Flintrannan Channel on the Swedish side has a depth of 24 ft., passing ships drawing 22 ft. of water, but the Germans have mined this right into Swedish territorial waters in spite of their protests.

The Great Belt, which lies entirely within Danish territorial waters, is the only practicable passage for big ships, for it has 80 ft. of water which is sufficient for anything afloat. But its outlet is right under the guns of the German island of Fehmarn, which is fortified nearly as strongly as Heligoland and which could deal with the biggest fleet one by one as the ships emerged from the channel. It is also right in front of the German naval base of Kiel, so that the whole force of the German navy, especially their submarines, minelayers, and aircraft, could be concentrated on the foremost British ship where she had absolutely no room to manœuvre and could, with the assistance of the shore guns, presumably destroy a whole fleet seriatim.

Even if the ships contrived to get through this bottle-neck, they would be bound to sustain some damage and would have no dockyards to turn to for repairs except those in German and Russian hands, which would have to be captured before they could be used. They would also have no opportunity of replenishing their ammunition supplies and the invaluable destroyers would be immobilised, for they very soon run out of fuel and the task of refuelling them from tankers in enemy waters in face of constant attack would be impossible.

In October, 1917, the Russian Naval General Staff put the matter plainly to the survivors of the old regime who were hoping to receive support from the British Navy: "It is pointed out that it would be a physical impossibility for the Allies' fleet to come in from the western entrance, because it would be necessary to pass through the Sound or through one of the two Belts. In these circumstances, according to the opinion of our naval experts, an entrance into the Baltic by the Allies' fleet could only be undertaken after gaining possession of these waters and the adjacent coasts, and then only with the co-operation of land forces."

If it was thus so difficult in 1917, when our ships would have had the resources of the Russian dockyards to repair damages and their ships to divert enemy attention, it is probably far more so at present, when submarine and mining warfare have been developed so far and when aircraft can make a useful auxiliary to naval effort.




**THE PROBLEM OF THE BALTIC DOOR AND ITS DANISH GUARDIAN**

With the natural shallowness of the Sound and the mined areas close to the Swedish shore and the dangers of the Great Belt, the railway across two neutral territories seems the only possible entry

**STOCKHOLM, THE PEACE-LOVING CAPITAL OF SWEDEN, IS FACED WITH EVIDENT DANGER FROM TWO ANGLES**

Concentrating on the affairs of peace, as the up-to-date traffic cross-over shows, Stockholm's detachment has been rudely shaken. She was alarmed immediately the attack on Finland began and plans for the city's evacuation were at once prepared

**HOW DENMARK AND NORWAY ONCE COMPLETELY HELD THE BALTIC DOOR**

In the period of the Denmark-Norway Union in 1537 the two nations held all the shores of the Baltic entrances

**WHEN SWEDISH CONTROL EXTENDED ROUND A GREAT PART OF THE BALTIC**

In 1661 the Swedish Empire lapped all round the Baltic. Territory was even held to east and west of Denmark

**IN THE HEART OF THE SWEDISH CAPITAL**

The centre of Stockholm is a veritable Venice with islands linked by bridges. On right is Riddarholmen and in the background the Royal Palace

ONE OF SWEDEN'S BIG INDUSTRIES AND CHIEF SOURCES OF WEALTH

At Skinskatteberg there is a typical sawmill with its mass of tree trunks floating in the lumber compound

# BODEN: The Gibraltar of Sweden

By HAROLD GREAVES

THE greatest barrier to a Russian advance into Sweden is the fortress of Boden. It is a veritable northern "Gibraltar." Some years ago Sweden realised that her iron mines, the richest in the world, were a prize worth the attention of any predatory power. So in case the Russians should occupy Finland and be tempted to extend their conquests farther, Sweden began constructing on the road along which the Russians must come, the greatest and most up-to-date fortress in Northern Europe.

Known as the "Secret City of the North," Boden lies at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, about thirty miles from the sea, and it is one of the most important railway centres in the north. The fortress was built by General Hampus Elliot at a cost of many millions of kronor, as a protection against attacks from the east. Electrified railways run through it from the Gulf of Bothnia to the Atlantic, linking it with the iron-mining centres of Kiruna and Gellivare. Close at hand also is the great hydro-electric power station at Porjus, capable of supplying power to all the north. In the event of war Boden has been planned to be a self-contained unit. It may yet become the greatest single barrier to Russian aggression westward and the possible saviour of our Western civilisation.

Strangers are not invited to linger in Boden and foreigners must show their passports even if they wish to get out of the train. The military authorities are most strict about the credentials of those who are passing through, for there is a considerable amount of spying attempted in order to find out the fortress's secrets.

As I was very keen to see this "forbidden" spot and knowing it would be useless to try to get off the train there, I decided on a stratagem. I left Lulea, the port on the Gulf of Bothnia, by a heavily-laden lorry. As we approached Boden, rumbling up the rocky hillside, I could hear the clatter of rock drills and the roar of high explosive as men worked feverishly day and night to extend the fortifications. Of the forts themselves, which are hewn out of the grey rocks near the river, there was not much to be seen.

The fortifications are hewn out of the steep granite cliffs dominating the River Lulea. As the lorry I was on came up the winding road, guarded by block-houses at regular intervals, I saw that the grey rocks were pierced by embrasures and studded with cannon. These guns are all painted green. Revolving steel towers containing heavy artillery appeared in the most unexpected corners among the rocks. They recall those bloody days when Charles XII of Sweden and Peter the Great of Russia were fighting for possession of this northern empire.

Suddenly a squad of soldiers armed with rifles and bayonets sprang out of the rocks and ordered our lorry to stop. The sergeant in charge asked who I was. When the driver explained I was a "temporary assistant" the sergeant nearly had a fit. Before I knew it I was being escorted to a guard-post.

Here a Swedish officer cross-examined me. As he spoke no English and I spoke no Swedish there was not much progress. Two hours later I was brought before another officer who could speak English. Even then it took me some time to make quite clear that I was in Boden from mere curiosity and not because I was a spy. At last he was convinced of my genuineness, but told me I must leave Boden at once and not return.

## A GEOGRAPHICAL RECORD OF RUSSIA'S PEACE TERMS TO FINLAND

March 13 was a black day for the Finnish Republic. It was then that Moscow succeeded in wresting from the silent Finnish delegates the following terms:—

Cession of the whole of the Karelian Isthmus and the whole shore of Lake Ladoga. Cession of the Fishermen's Peninsula in far north. Finns to retain Petsamo. A thirty years' lease of Hangoe. A considerable area of land in the latitude of Kemijarvi, and a new railway to be built connecting the U.S.S.R. with Sweden and Norway. Russians to pass through to Norway on Soviet passports.

"Russia has seized," wrote a correspondent, "every Finnish frontier district which it is possible to defend, including all the strategic railway lines leading from Russia. In the north the right hand of the Soviet reaches out across Lapland to northern Norway."

The amount of wealth in the form of power stations and mills in the region north of Lake Ladoga lost to Finland is at present difficult to compute.

IN THE FORTIFIED DANGER ZONE OF SWEDEN: LULEA, SOUTH-WEST OF BODEN

On the west side of the Gulf of Bothnia lies the town and port of Lulea. It is but a short distance from Boden, which guards the iron-mine area

THE RECENT PEACE-TIME EFFORTS OF STOCKHOLM

All the arts and pursuits of peace have been occupying the thoughts of Sweden for more than a century. Here is a surgical and medical institute recently erected at Solna on the outskirts of the city

# BRITAIN'S STRUGGLE with the NORTHERN NEUTRALS

## An Historical Parallel in which Denmark Proved a Difficulty Until Nelson Swept all Difficulties Aside

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century the smaller states of Europe had a difficult part to play, pressed as they were by the great powers. Many of them had rejoiced in the expressed aims of the French Revolution, and had welcomed the revolutionary armies carrying the flag of liberty. Even when that flag changed to the imperial banner of Napoleon they were not altogether unwilling to yield to pressure, fearing France less than their old enemies, Austria, Prussia and Russia.

Denmark was one of the small kingdoms which was definitely pro-French, showing herself ready to accept the orders of Napoleon. This attitude was due partly to the awe inspired by Napoleon's immense power and prestige, and partly to the persistent jealousy and dislike of Sweden, in spite of their kinship in nationality. Though weak in comparison to their greater neighbours, the two Scandinavian powers, Denmark and Sweden, were of considerable importance in 1800, as they held the control of the Baltic. Sweden then possessed Finland and that part of Pomerania on the German coast to the south of her own shores. Denmark at that time held Norway and Schleswig-Holstein and thus the key to the entrance of the Baltic. Under recent enlightened rulers the Danes had become very prosperous, education and commerce having made great progress.

But yielding to the pressure of Napoleon, who was urging all Europe to break England's power at sea, Denmark was persuaded to join in the Northern Neutrality League constituted by Russia, Prussia and Sweden, to cease trading with England, and by so doing to force her to give up the right of search and seizure of contraband. The League stressed its object as being the protection of neutrals, but in reality it was a Napoleonic scheme to crush England's trade. The British Government was quick to see the meaning of the League and acted promptly—a fleet, under Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson acting as second in command, was sent to force Denmark to keep the Baltic Sea open.

Negotiations for a truce with the Danish Government having proved ineffectual, the question of the best approach to Copenhagen was then discussed by the assembled fleet, fifty-one sail, and much valuable time lost, to Nelson's disgust. "Not a moment should be lost in attacking the enemy. They will every day and every hour be stronger." The pilots were all nervous over the difficulties of the narrow channels, from which the Danes had removed all buoys, and being experts in but one branch could think of nothing else. Nelson fumed, "having the honour of our country entrusted to a set of pilots, who have no other thought than to keep the ships clear of danger and their own silly heads clear of shot."

He himself saw soundings made and the buoys laid, and then was ready and eager for action, and could barely tolerate the cautious consideration of the enemies they might encounter. "You must expect the natural issue of such a battle—ships crippled, and, perhaps, one or two lost." "The more numerous the enemy the better: I wish they were twice as many—the easier the victory, depend upon it." With that spirit he directed the attack upon the Danish ships and the forts of Copenhagen. It was a fierce fight, the Danes holding out tenaciously and causing severe loss to the British fleet, Nelson himself being in a most dangerous situation. It was then that Sir Hyde Parker gave the signal of recall, to give Nelson the opportunity of retiring without disgrace—the signal to which Nelson turned his blind eye.

Directly the battle was over Nelson was eager to arrange a truce, as he regarded the Danes as worthy foes with whom he was anxious to make reconciliation. In his message to the Crown Prince he wrote: "The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of England." A large part of the Danish fleet had been destroyed, and as a result of the English victory, the Neutrality League vanished, and Napoleon was left raging at the failure of his plan to ruin England. He could take country after country in Europe, but he could not wipe out the British ships, which still ruled the seas. But though thwarted for the time he still cherished the hope that as his power increased he would humble the proud islanders.

A few years later, in April, 1807, the King of Prussia and the Czar Alexander (who had succeeded the Czar Paul, who had formed the Neutrality League) got together and brought out one of those benevolent schemes for settling Europe with which we are familiar. Both monarchs were then at war with Napoleon, with whom no country was able to remain for long on friendly terms. They proposed that the war should be fought to a finish, "not so as to humble France and interfere with her internal concerns, but in order to assure to Europe the blessings of a solid peace based on the claims of justice and national independence" (Dr. Holland Rose).

Other countries were to be invited to join in this league, but, unfortunately, though all obviously threatened by Napoleon, they hesitated and meanwhile Napoleon acted and gained a decisive victory over the Russians, in June, at Friedland. He also gained over to his side the volatile Czar Alexander, who fell under the fatal fascination of his conqueror, so much so that, at Tilsit, in July, a treaty was signed in which the two Emperors agreed to make common effort in any war. If England did not agree to restore her French conquests Russia was to make war on her, though they were both really anxious to avoid war with Britain till they were more ready to carry out their far-reaching plans for Europe and the East. Russia was told to enrich herself with the northern countries, while Napoleon swept Latin Europe into his Empire. Russia consequently invaded Finland, defeated the Swedes, and added Finland, as a Grand Duchy, to the Russian Crown.

By one of the terms of the Treaty of Tilsit, the courts of Stockholm, Copenhagen and Lisbon were to be ordered to close their ports to all British goods. This goaded the British Government into a most momentous decision. They realised that if Denmark became an ally of France, her fleet, added to those of France, Russia and Portugal, would bring the naval strength of Napoleon to almost an equality of that of Britain. It was therefore decided that Denmark must be asked to hand over her fleet—in return for which she would be defended if attacked by France, and a large subsidy paid. Canning, the Prime Minister, summed up the position of Denmark: "Denmark's safety is to be found, under the present circumstances of the world, only in a balance of opposite dangers. For it is not to be disguised that the influence which France has acquired from recent events over the north of Europe might, unless balanced by the naval power of Great Britain, leave to Denmark no other option than that of compliance with the demands of Bonaparte."

Unwisely for herself, as it turned out, Denmark flatly refused England's offer, and again fought the great fleet which was sent against her, suffering another bombardment of Copenhagen. She was again compelled to yield in September, 1807, having to submit to losing her fleet, which sailed away with the victors. Canning was disturbed that the Danes remained obdurate, for he wanted not only the retention of the fleet, but a full alliance. However, Denmark chose to follow Napoleon and suffered for her allegiance, for at the close of the war she found herself weakened by the loss of Norway to Sweden. Russia had gained Finland, Prussia had been given Pomerania, with the result that the Scandinavian Powers no longer held the same strong command of the Baltic as they had before Napoleon began changing the map.

B. H.

**THE RECENT GROWTH OF RUSSIAN INFLUENCE IN THE BALTIC REGIONS**

The arrows indicate the directions of Soviet influence at the present time and under the terms of the treaty with Finland. Now that Hangoe is occupied by Russia, the whole of the Gulf of Finland must be considered as controlled by that country

**A RECENTLY ENLARGED HARBOUR ON JUTLAND'S NORTH SEA COAST**

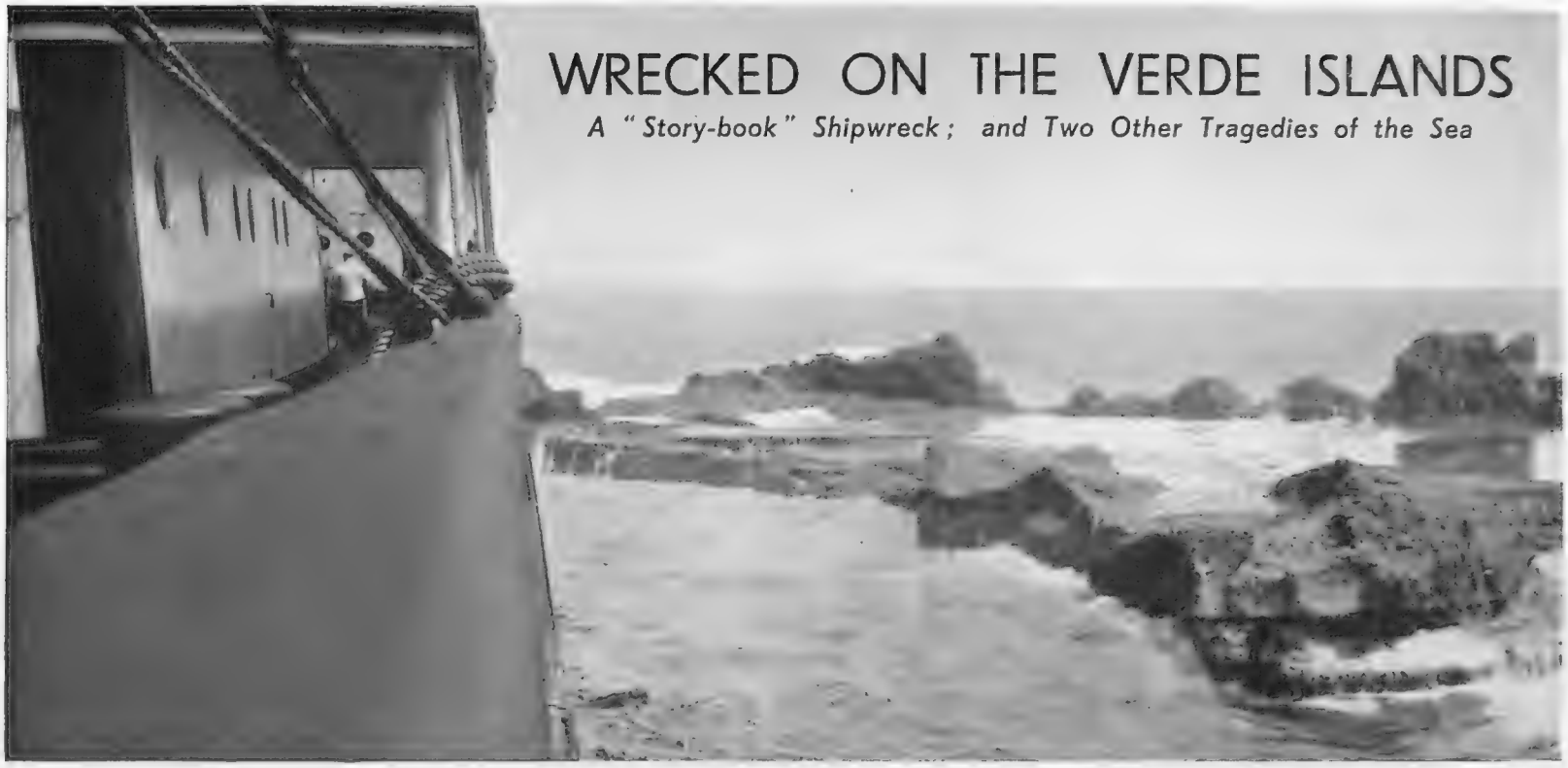
Hirtshals harbour, here seen from the air, has a new long arm stretching out into the North Sea. The adjacent land is flat, grass-covered country

**ONE OF THE GREAT BRIDGES WHICH NOW CONNECT THE ISLANDS OF DENMARK**

The Storstrom bridge is one of the biggest of these railway links between the islands. This viaduct connects Zealand with Falster

# WRECKED ON THE VERDE ISLANDS

## *A "Story-book" Shipwreck; and Two Other Tragedies of the Sea*



ON THE ROCKS OF FOGO IN THE CAPE VERDE ISLANDS —THE "ALKMAAR" IN THE GRIP OF THE REEF

On February 16, the Dutch steamer *Alkmaar*, from Amsterdam, struck on the cliffs near Fogo in the Cape Verde Islands. Immediately afterwards, the ship broke in two. The crew saved their lives by springing ashore on to the rocks by which the ship was held fast, taking with them whatever they could in the way of salvage. For 48 hours the crew awaited rescue; then they were saved by negroes who took them off in their small boats to a Portuguese man-of-war. After many vicissitudes the crew reached Saint Vincent where the Dutch steamer *Stuyvesant* (of the same line) awaited them. A few days ago the shipwrecked crew at last reached Amsterdam, their home port.

A LIFEBOAT LOADED WITH SURVIVORS PULLING AWAY FROM THE BRITISH STEAMER "CLAN STUART" AS SHE SANK IN THE CHANNEL AFTER A COLLISION. THE CREW WERE IN THE BOATS FOR FOUR HOURS

THE "ALKMAAR" HELD FAST—BUT A NUMBER OF SALVAGED GOODS WERE BROUGHT ASHORE FROM THE VESSEL TO SERVE THE MAROONED CREW UNTIL RESCUE CAME

THE 1,000-TON DUTCH TANKER "EULOTA"—ROTTERDAM TO CURACAO—AFTER BEING TORPEDOED BY A U-BOAT OFF THE FRENCH COAST. THE CREW TOOK TO THE BOATS AND WERE LATER GUIDED BY A FRENCH FLYING PATROL

AFTER THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE WRECK—THE CREW OF THE "ALKMAAR" ON THE CLIFFS NEAR FOGO AWAITING RESCUE BY LOCAL CRAFT

# THE R.E.s AT WORK

## These Versatile Men Are Both An Army and a Navy

CARRYING THE ANCHOR AND ROPE TACKLE ABOARD A PONTOON

ROYAL ENGINEERS ROWING A HEAVY PONTOON ACROSS THE RIVER DEE

Perhaps the most versatile men in the Army are the R.E.s, as apart from fitting up water supplies, blowing up roads, etc., they have to be equally at home on the water. The above pictures show the Army's Navy putting a pontoon bridge across the River Dee during recent exercises

BUILDING THE PONTOON BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER DEE

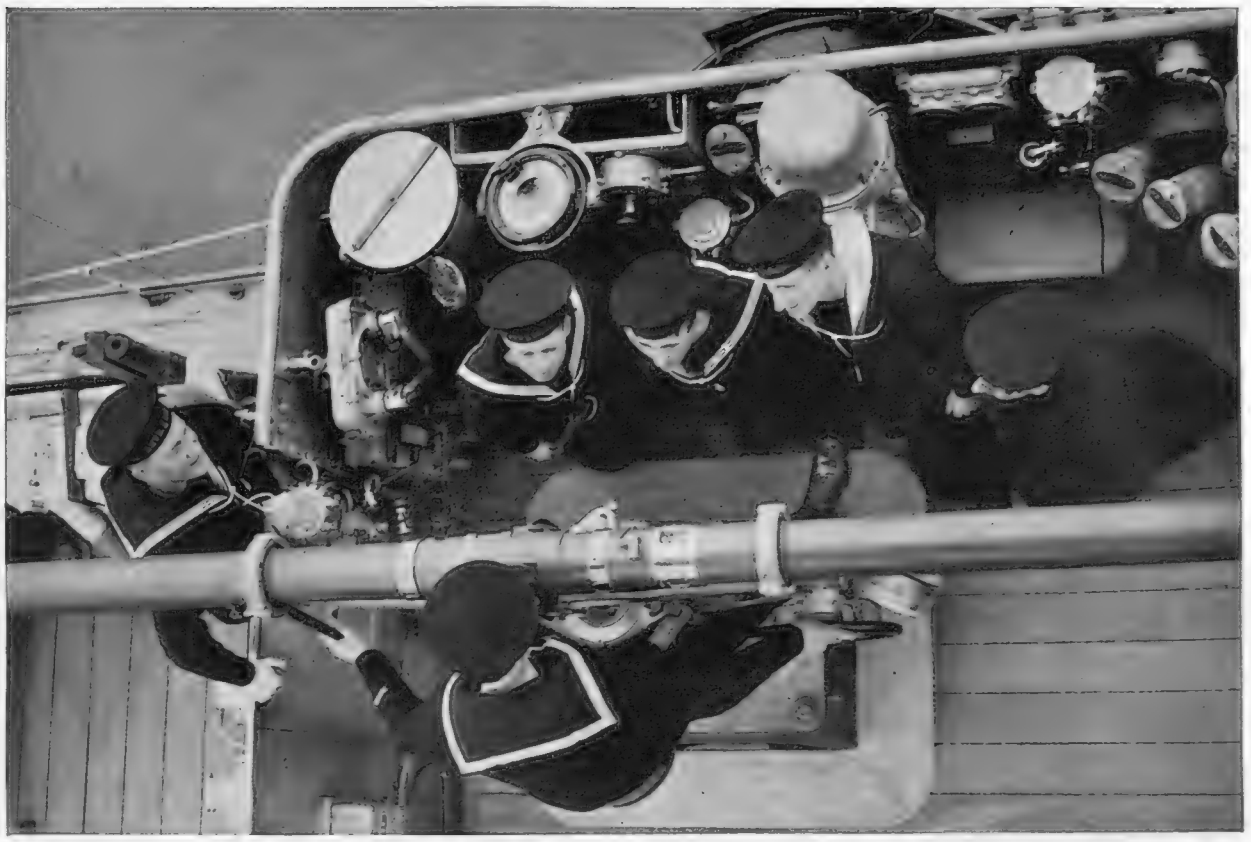
During this exercise of the Royal Engineers they demonstrated once again how amphibious they are. They have to handle these heavy pontoon sections with oars and have to behave as if they were navy men ashore or army men afloat. Each pontoon section has to carry heavy anchors to withstand the tidal strains

*SPECIAL SPHERE SECTION*

# FINDING THE RANGE

## The Colossal Range-finders of the Royal Navy

*Specially Described and Illustrated*



WHAT A RANGE-FINDER LOOKS LIKE: A SAILOR OPERATES THE CONTROLS TO RANGE ON A DISTANT OBJECT

AS the warship is ploughing its way along, the look-out, perched it may be nearly 100 ft. above the surface of the sea, is "scanning the horizon," to use what is possibly a landsman's phrase. The look-out sees what may be a smudge of smoke on the horizon, or it may be cloud or mist. No, there is something near it, just ahead of it, which for a moment looks like the upper works of a biggish cruiser. Word is at once passed down and the range-takers assume their places.

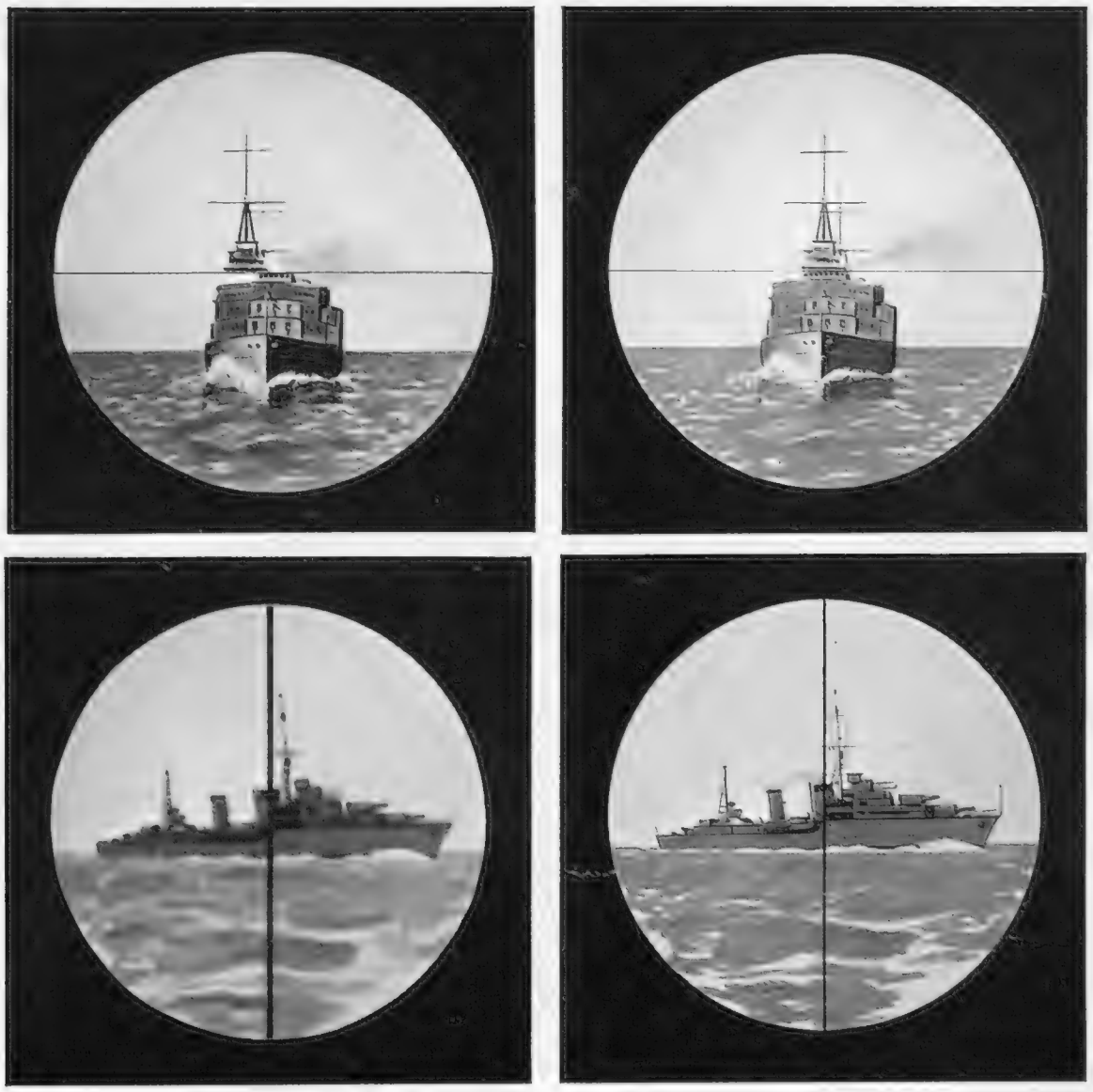
The uppermost pair sit in a dizzy casement, if the Navy ever thought of such a thing as dizziness, and it happens that the ship has entered a region of nasty swell and the upper part of the citadel is carrying out all sorts of curvilinear movements. But it is necessary to get the range of this mysterious vessel, the form of which is growing clearer as the distance which separates the two vessels lessens. It becomes a question of taking some rapid snap angles, which only the practised hand can accomplish. They have to wait until they swing past the desired focal point of vision and check off.

Fortunately the vessel wears out of this band of choppy sea and for a time steadies down. Then the finer measurements can be observed, and the superimposed sections of the mysterious ship which is now in full view can be brought together with accuracy. Lower down, the intermediate range-finder has come into play. This gives, of course, a second reading. It may be some little time before the giant range-finder, built into the massive 15-in. gun turret, comes into play.

The process of focusing and reading the resultant range is not exactly the same in all the range-finders. All work upon the principle of the fixed base, at the ends of which angles are subtended, and in actual practice take the form of movable prisms, which converge the vision towards the human eye. One angle may be fixed permanently at 90 deg., but in certain cases both prisms are swivelled. When the necessary handles are worked and the focusing perfected, the reading off of the range is automatic and instantaneous.

Everything in a man-of-war has to be duplicated, and often repeated again and again, so that she may go on fighting efficiently no matter how hard she is being hit. The highest range-finder at the top of the *Nelson's* tower, roughly 100 ft. above the water-line, has the advantage of its height for long ranges, but should it be hit there are subsidiary range-finders in different positions, down to those built into the colossally thick armour of each 16-in. turret. Separate range-finders are fitted for the 6-in. anti-torpedo and the 4·7-in. anti-aircraft guns, which may all be in action at the same time against different targets, but within the limitations of their size they can all be used in an emergency.

As the range-finder is worked by the alteration of the angle between the two hinged object lenses at its ends, and as this alteration must be very small at long distances, it is obvious that the longer the base the more accurate the range.



*Top—left and right*

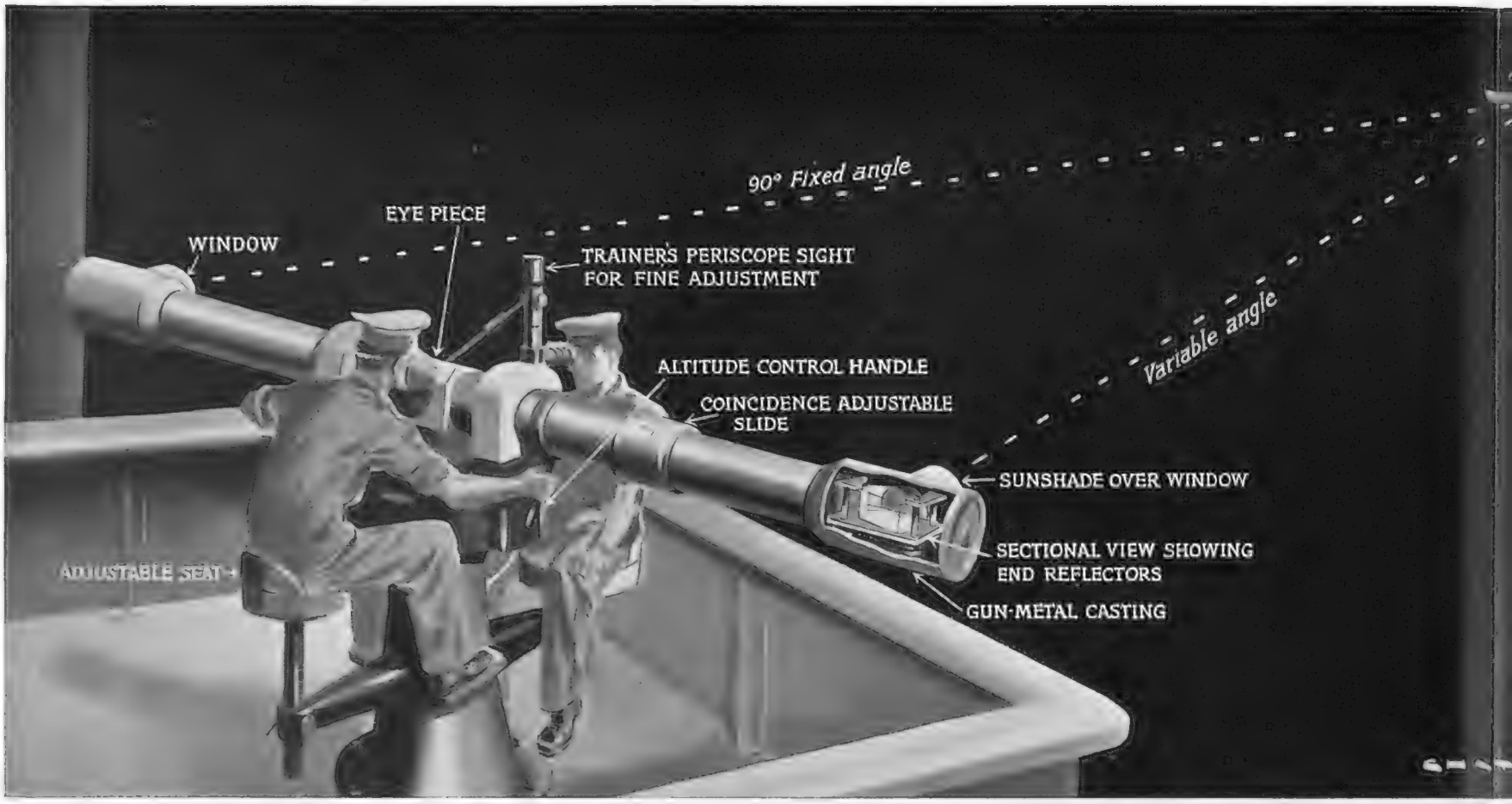
**THE COINCIDENT OR SINGLE EYE-PIECE TYPE**

The range-taker does not see the same kind of vision of the object to be focused in every range-finder. In some there is what may be described as a vertical method of focusing. By a swivelling and adjustment of prisms, two halves of an approaching ship are here brought into view. The upper half has to be brought over from the left until it is making a complete picture of the ship. In the first picture the ship is "out of coincidence"; in the second "in coincidence"

*Bottom—left and right*

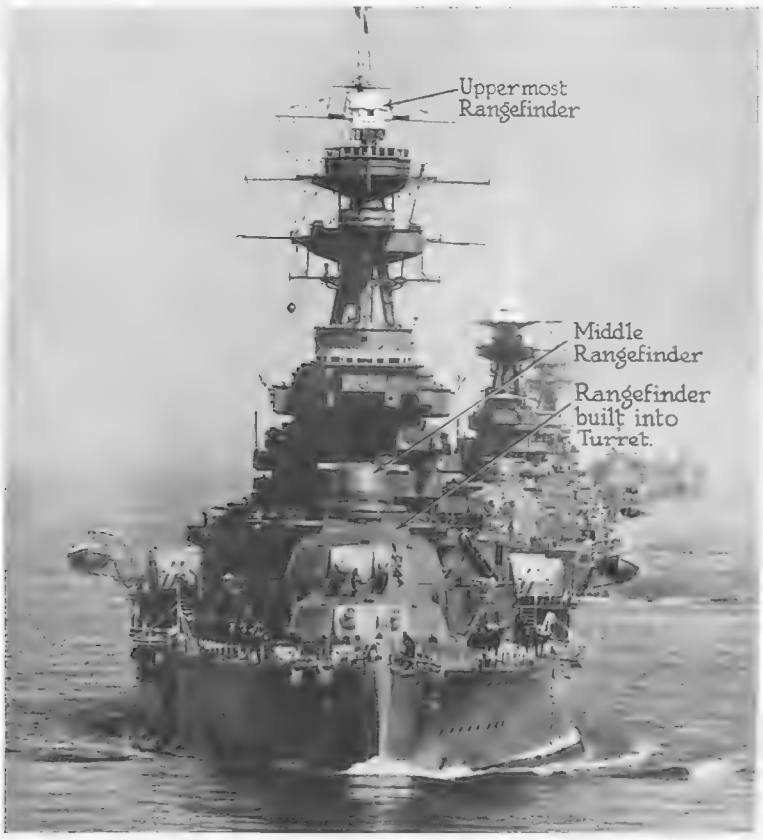
**THE STEREOSCOPIC OR DOUBLE EYE-PIECE TYPE**

In this stereoscopic type of range-finder the vision in front of the range-taker is very similar to that seen in a powerful pair of binoculars. There is a permanent bar or mark extending virtually across the view. This has to be brought into sharp focus with the view of the passing destroyer. In this case there is a double eye-piece in front of the range-taker. The angular movement of the swivelled prisms is connected up with the range indicator slot or dial, so that the range is read off automatically

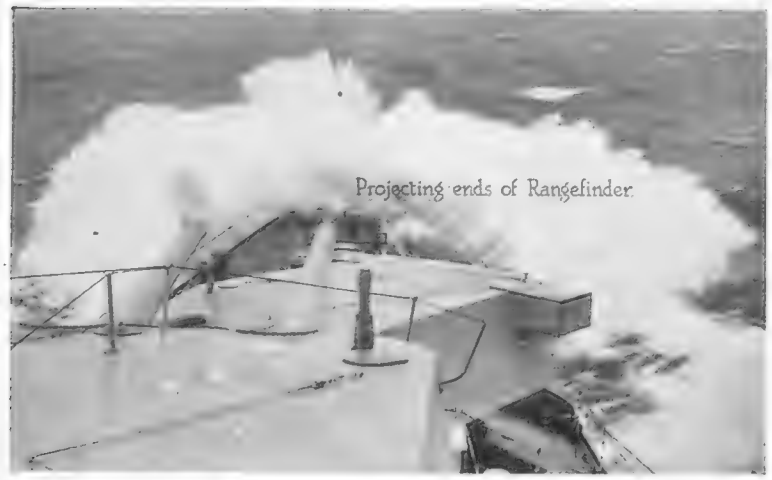



**SEATED FACE TO FACE: HOW THE TWO RANGE-TAKERS WORK IN CONJUNCTION ON A**

There are a number of different types of range-finder on a warship. One may be used f at the longest possible ranges, whereas others are used for range-taking, say, against destroy comparatively close distances. The range-finder instrument is slung on a small turntable; the t sit opposite one another on adjustable seats. One works the main tube in which the 'w wide apart. The two halves of the vision are being brought into position by the handle co range-taker's right hand. The other range-taker sits at a vertical range-finder or periscope and focuses with a wheel, working in conjunction with the other range-taker




**THE THREE RANGE-FINDERS OF THE MODERN BRITISH BATTLESHIP:** The lowest is actually built into the gun turret, as shown below. The functions of each of these range-finders is described in the notes given on the previous page; how they actually work is described in the diagrams on these pages




**THE RANGE-FINDER IN THE GUN TURRET:** In addition to the range-finders in the Control Tower there is an additional instrument actually built into the gun turret itself, as illustrated above

**A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE RANGE-TAKERS AT WORK: THE SAILOR ON THE RIGHT IS OPERATING THE CONTROL HANDLES, AND ON THE LEFT IS THE VERTICAL RANGE-FINDER**

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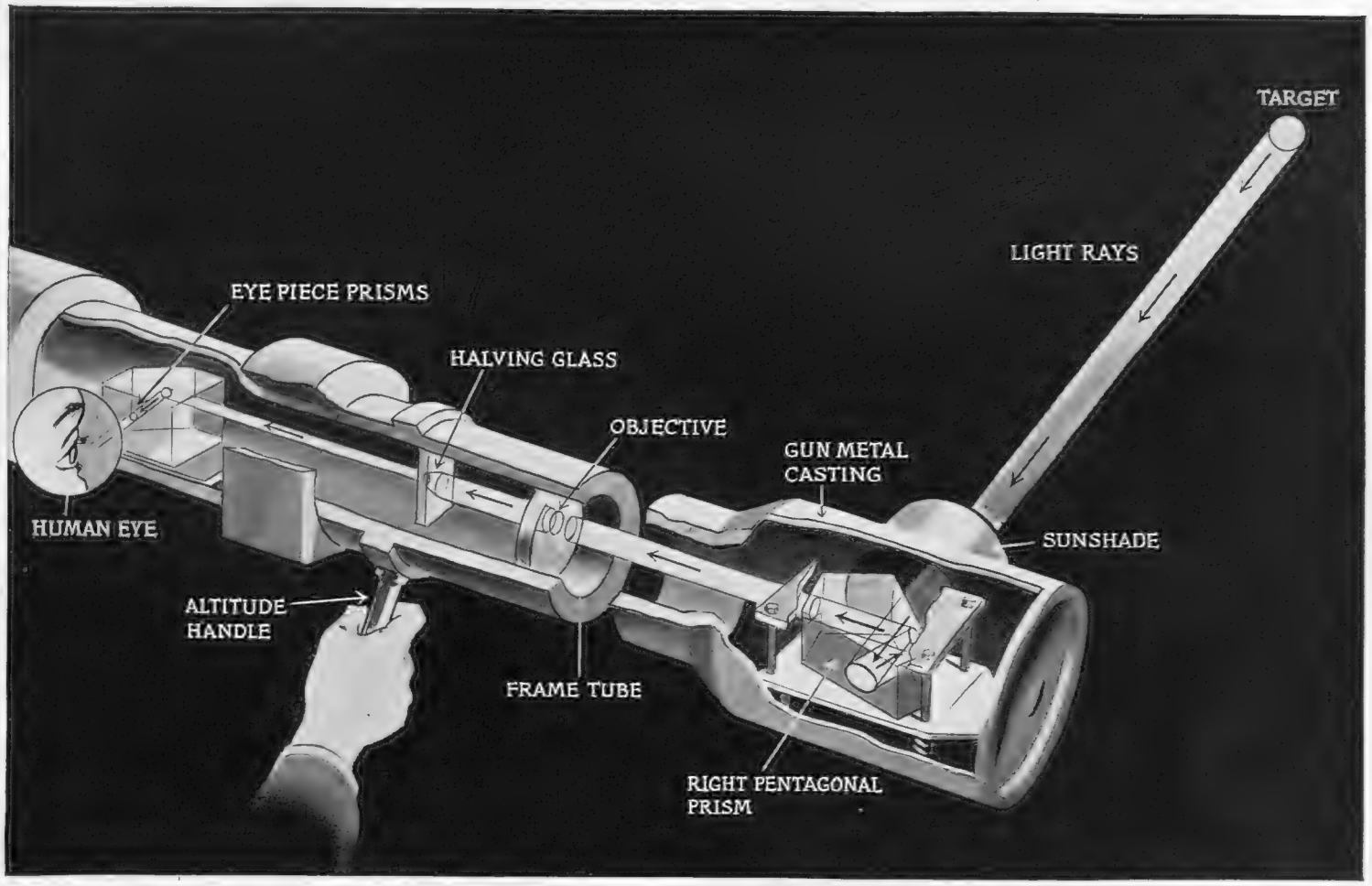
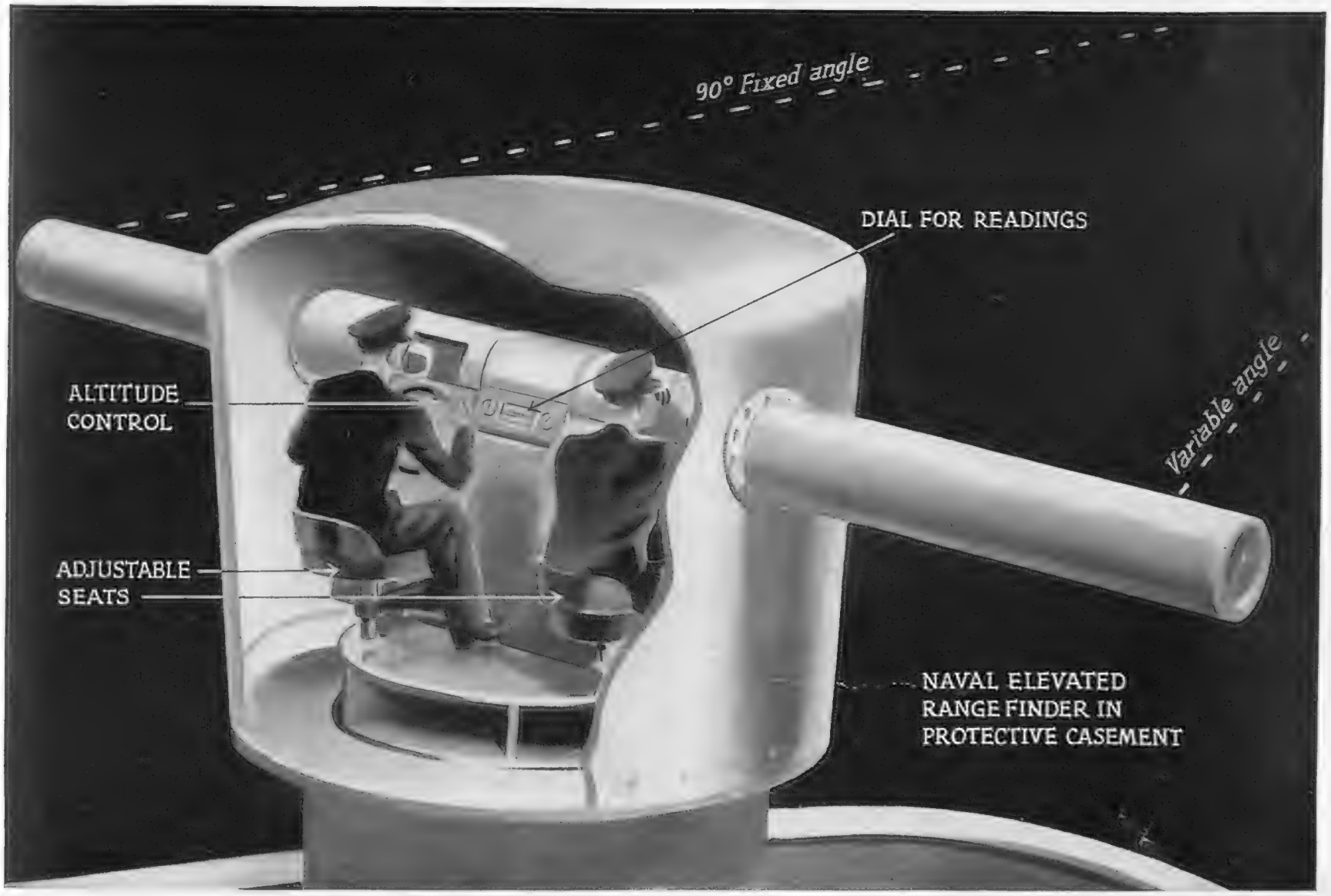
# FOR LONG-RANGE GUNNERY DUELS AT SEA

## Special Diagrams Showing How the Navy's Range-finders Are Operated




**A SECTIONED VIEW THROUGH THE TUBE, SHOWING THE PRISMS BY MEANS OF WHICH THE RANGE IS FOUND:** The vision of the target is received through an aperture at the end of the range-finder, as shown above. The rays of light from the area of vision fall on a prism and are bent and projected along the range-finder tube, passing through an objective glass, as in a telescope, and then through "the halving glass," which controls the fine adjustment of the vertical focusing method; one half of the object has to be placed exactly above the other




**THE TOPMOST RANGE-FINDER OF ALL, ENCLOSED WITHIN A STRONG PROTECTIVE CASEMENT:** At the very summit of the Control Tower of most British warships (as shown in the Fire Control section given in last week's issue) will be observed a range-finder casement. It occupies a dizzy position, high over everything in the ship. Here sit two range-takers on adjustable seats, one with his eye fixed on the eye-piece in which the enlarged vision of the distant ship is being focused. In some cases both angle glasses at the ends of a range-finder are adjusted in the process of focusing. In the case shown above, the further angle is fixed at 90 deg., and only the glass at the near end is worked by the interior mechanism in the tube. The second range-taker is taking notes and observing through field-glasses

# THE TREATMENT of PRISONERS of WAR

## The Conditions Under Which They Live as Specified by a Code Drawn Up at Geneva

By NOEL B. THOMPSON

TWO points I would like to drive home right at the beginning of this article. First, that barring a complete breakdown of international standards of humanity, prisoners of war will receive a much higher and fairer degree of treatment than from 1914 to 1918, and secondly, as a corollary to that statement, that independent observers who have visited all the camps in the belligerent countries have reported as good food and as fair treatment for prisoners as international law demands, and this naturally includes Germany.

This is not to say that prisoners are being, or will be, pampered or spoiled. But a code of treatment for prisoners was drawn up at Geneva in 1929, signed by every country in the world, and came into force on June 19, 1931; for the first time this is being put into operation by the countries concerned.

War was never declared between Italy and Abyssinia, between China and Japan, between Russia and Finland, and so the Convention could not be called upon or enforced. But in the present case, formal declaration of war has been made, and from the prisoners' point of view the Convention becomes their Bible and book of rules combined.

At the moment there are not many prisoners of war. Exact figures, though known, may not be published. A few hundreds, on either side, is near enough. In fact, they show that R.A.F. personnel head the list, with the R.N. next, and the B.E.F. a long way behind. To these must be added the civilians, for Germany has shelved the narrow difference between a prisoner and an internee, so that, in fact, civilians are the most numerous.

After all, there is some sound reason in this. A member of the Mercantile Marine, even should he be a Lewis or anti-aircraft gunner, is not officially a prisoner of war, but a man with the same job on a ship which is listed as armed, or a fighting ship, *is* a prisoner of war. Admittedly the latter is a possible member of an attacking force.

Nevertheless, there have been very few complaints about treatment. To understand the position I must quote from the Convention a few outstanding points. First, each belligerent country sets up a Prisoners of War Information Bureau. Ours is pleasantly situated in a building in Piccadilly.

These bureaux must transmit as soon as possible every detail about any prisoners to the enemy through the intermediary of the protecting powers. Each prisoner has a full file and a complete record is kept of his doings, his health and everything. Furthermore, should a prisoner escape, he does not leave his personal belongings behind. The Information Bureau must collect all these, pay books, identity tokens and everything, and transmit them to the countries concerned!

Then there must also be a regular Central Agency of Information, in this case the International Red Cross at Geneva, who will also receive all details from the Bureau, and apart from their humanitarian work, will collect privately and officially all information to send direct to the prisoners' own country, or the country for whom they were fighting.

I have, in fact, on an earlier occasion visited one of the prison camps in this country, and can guarantee the healthiness of the surroundings and the buildings, but such visits are not encouraged by Article 2 of the Convention. I do not feel I should have broken the spirit of this Article which states that prisoners "shall at all times be humanely treated and protected particularly against acts of violence, from insults and from *public curiosity*." That last phrase makes me wonder about the projected victory march of our prisoners on the *Altmark*, or would the Germans have wriggled out of it and called the parade one of internees since they did not come from armed ships?

Article 5 points out that prisoners must declare their true names, ranks and regimental numbers, but those who refuse the information "may not be threatened, insulted, or exposed to unpleasantness or disadvantages of any kind whatever."

Prisoners may keep their personal belongings, including helmets and gas-masks, may have money placed to their account, may not be close confined, nor sent to a battle zone, may have the profits from the canteens run for the benefit of prisoners, must have two hours exercise a day, and also absolute freedom for the performance of their religious duties.

As for money, at the outbreak of war Germany, England and France exchanged lists of ranks so that equivalents could be known. Prisoners then receive pay at the rate of their equivalent in the detaining army, provided that it is not more than they would receive in their own army. This is placed to their account, or can be transmitted to their wives or dependants at home, and cannot be forcibly deducted from. The rate of exchange is that operating at the beginning of the war.

Officers and equivalent status do not work. N.C.O.s may do so if they ask for remunerative work, but work will be paid for, and there must be one day of rest a week, preferably Sunday. There are other points such as punishments, the heaviest of which is thirty days confined to barracks.

As a newspaper reporter who might easily have a written authorisation from the army I was following, I find that I should be a prisoner of war along with "correspondents, sutlers, or contractors."

Finally, it is a sporting rule that should a prisoner escape and rejoin his army, and later be captured again, he cannot be punished for his previous escape.

These then are the background conditions for the modern prisoner of war, together with rules about hygiene, etc., and, as I have said before, the Germans are observing them strictly. It will mean that if prisoners become numerous, camps should be more or less standardised, and there should not be any of the outstanding sore spots of the last war, if the neutral observers (American for us and Swiss for Germany) carry out their work efficiently.

**GERMAN OFFICER PRISONERS** In a camp in the north of England these men will be kept for the duration. As the picture shows, they are very well treated and spend much of their leisure time reading and playing the piano. They have nicknamed their new home "The U-boat Hotel." They are allowed, by international agreement, to receive parcels of food from Germany

What about the food question? Here I must thank the Red Cross for their assistance. Apart from their work for the wounded, the Central Agency at Geneva (which in the last war had 5,000,000 records of dead, wounded, missing, and prisoners in its office) and their many other Christian tasks, the Red Cross alone is allowed to care for prisoners, look after letters, parcels, clothing, etc.

It is in St. James's Palace, in rooms where once the Lord Chamberlain used to decide questions of Court precedence or invitations to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, that they have their headquarters. In another part they have their stores and packing rooms, and it was here, in a room surrounded by Royal oil paintings, I saw a parcel being made up and weighed.

It must not exceed 11 lb. in all, and it travels duty and postage free. This was a parcel of food, of which during this very cold weather two a week have been sent off to every British prisoner. This ration is being reduced now to three parcels every fortnight, because it proved too much. Inside each parcel is a receipt, so that its arrival to each man is known and checked. Outside is a seal, which is the equivalent of providing the parcel with diplomatic immunity, except that it bears a Red Cross.

Dietetic experts have worked out the contents of the parcels. Apparently the prisoners are liable to have too much starch. It is laid down that prisoners are allowed the same rations as the depôt troops of the enemy country, in which case the German troops must be eating a lot of vegetable stews, root foods and potatoes.

Glass is not looked on with favour for parcels, so you must imagine that most of the following list is in tins; tubes also are not popular. I saw milk (powdered to save weight), cheese, soap, sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, meat, tinned fish (sardines, pilchards, salmon, etc.), sausages, pepper, jam or syrup, mustard, chocolate or boiled sweets, date puddings, black-currant jelly, being put in the parcels by industrious volunteer women workers. How the Germans must envy this abundance.

Two problems the Red Cross have apparently managed to solve, and by now the schemes may be in working order, namely, bread and cigarettes. The black German rye bread does not appeal to our men, while our white bread has something lacking for the Germans. An interchange of supplies of flour and recipes is likely. And each man likes his own country's tobacco and cigars, and this, too, has been smoothed out.

All this work the Red Cross does from its funds, or with money sent by relatives, for personal parcels for prisoners are only allowed once every three months, and then must conform to certain rules. All clothing is looked after, too, an immediate relief parcel being sent to new prisoners, and other comforts following, together with books, games, etc. Boredom is the greatest enemy, but prisoners are supposed to have football, tennis, where courts are available, or other sports. In actual fact the Germans in this country prefer long walks to anything.

And here is a point about letters. Officers and civilians may send three letters and four postcards a month, other ranks two letters and four postcards. The letters must be written on special paper, 12 ins. by 6 ins., white and very shiny, also of a material which makes the use of invisible ink impossible.

I want to emphasise again that the prisoners are not pampered, but are cared for. The U-boat commander in one camp, longing for news of his wife, who is expecting a baby, will receive it as soon as possible. In the same way that two men from Fleetwood, Lancashire, deck-hand George Brooks and bos'n Charles Ellis, both taken prisoner from the sunken trawler *Caldew* and now in captivity in Germany, will have received through the Red Cross photographs by now of, respectively, Mavis Brooks, born the day Brooks was captured, and Charles Ellis, junior, born a month later.

Most of the Germans, very young on the whole, will have heard from their wives and sweethearts. All of which is humane and sensible. And so as this war drags on, may the International Convention continue to be observed. At any rate it cannot help but preserve a standard of decency and create a feeling of sympathy. Of which this little story gives proof.

Lance-corporal Harry Walford, of Bedford, was captured. The German wireless announced this fact. Said his workmates in Bedford, where he is very popular, "We'll do something to help all prisoners and wounded," and set to work to get firms to join the Red Cross Penny a Week Fund. Seventy firms were enrolled, and before long they will have collected enough to supply a movable operating theatre, or an ambulance.

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# TRAINING R.A.F. PILOTS OVER EGYPT'S DESERT SANDS

**R.A.F. PILOTS GO OUT TO A SUNNY DESERT LANDING GROUND FOR THE DAY'S TRAINING**

Canadian trained pilots will not be the first to receive their instructions overseas "free from enemy interference." A Royal Air Force Training School is already in full swing in Egypt. The school is at Abu Sueir, close to the Suez Canal

**TAKING A READING FROM THE SEXTANT**

Here the pilot is sitting in the cabin of an Anson, and part of his navigational work includes acquaintance with the sextant

**IT'S A BREEZY SUNNY LIFE OUT IN THE DESERT NEAR ABU SUEIR**

The sunlight is strong, and you may have to wear glasses—and certainly you must wear a head covering of some sort—but, all in all, it's a fine life in splendid weather

**THE DAY'S WORK INCLUDES NAVIGATION INSTRUCTION**

Here in the cabin of an Anson the finishing touches to one's navigational knowledge are acquired. *On right*—At a first glance one would never think this well-equipped classroom was far away, near the Suez Canal, but so it is. Here the R.A.F. pilots receive detailed instruction

**DESIGNED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN**

A model of the cupola of the Painted Hall of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, has been found in the dome of the museum's chapel. It is beautifully made of oak and stands 4 ft. high. The museum has two domes, similar in shape, though smaller, to that of St. Paul's. One is over the Painted Hall and the other over the chapel. Wren's original plan to have only one dome was vetoed by Queen Mary, wife of William III, because it would block the view of the river from her house, so Wren decided to build two smaller domes. When the great architect died only one had been completed. The second cupola was completed nearly forty years later and was built from the model of the first. This newly discovered model has been authenticated by the Wren Society

**CONTEMPORARY ART SHOW AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY**

At the outbreak of war the treasures contained in the National Gallery were wrapped up and removed to the country for safety. Now the gallery is being re-opened by Miss Lilian Browse when she holds an Exhibition of Contemporary Art at the end of this month. Miss Browse, who acted as her own hanging committee, is seen with some of the pictures she will exhibit

**ANOTHER MASCULINE JOB FEMINISED**

Miss B. L. Soper, of Plymouth, who has been appointed a certified bailiff under the Law of Distress Amendment Acts. Plymouth debtors will doubtless find Miss Soper as capable and efficient as any man in the discharge of her arduous duties

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

# FICTIONAL VARIETY of the WEEK

## A "Blood"; A Story of the Air; The Study of an Explorer; and Others

IT seems only a day or two ago that I was reviewing a book of Mr. A. G. Macdonell's, and here he is again with **THE CREW OF THE ANACONDA** (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), a grand "blood," which is none the less authentic for lacking lurid illustrations. I heartily recommend it—indeed heartily is the apposite word here—to everyone above the age of fourteen and I shall lose all my faith in human nature and booksellers if it isn't one of the most unqualified successes of this curious spring.

Mr. Macdonell has either acquired the technique of the blood and thunder unconsciously, through the pores of his skin, as I once and regrettably heard an author say in talking of atmosphere, or he has made an effective study of it. In either case he has taken all the best points of such work and has added a few highlights of his own. And I mean highlights. When I tell you that his hero owns the fastest motor boat in the world, used to be Al Capone's "fixer" and, as if that were not enough, has curly brown hair, you will begin to see what I mean.

The story opens in the south Atlantic where Dennis Halloran and his crew ("I'll never let you down, Chief") of three are on board the motor-boat heading for England with £35,000 in their private treasury. They arrive in the Thames on the day war is declared and are startled to find the sky full of golden sausage balloons. Dennis goes prospecting, with the Carlton Hotel as his base, and within twenty-four hours has reformed and is working for our Military Intelligence.

From that moment, with his loyal and gifted crew beside him, he hardly stops for breath. He invades thieves' dens, orders aeroplanes, shoots it out in deserted houses with a bunch of Chicago thugs and ends with an east coast finale that would have brought tears of joy to the eyes of a Lyceum producer.

And it's really great stuff. It may be a new departure for Mr. Macdonell, but his old crisp, witty style is there, and it was not until I had read those golden words (familiar to all readers of this kind of thing)—"there was not a moment to be lost"—that I fully accepted the author's intention. He wanted to write the first war-thriller. Instead he has written the best.

I do not know why the publishers choose to call Mr. Nevil Shute "the new novelist of the air" because he wrote *What Happened to the Corbetts*. That novel made a great impression on me, and my memory of it centres round Corbett, a rather ordinary provincial solicitor, and his wife and family, who suddenly found themselves being pursued, bombed and blasted by air raids. My interest was not in what was coming through the air so much as what Corbett and his family were forced to do to avoid it.

It is the same in Mr. Shute's new novel, **AN OLD CAPTIVITY** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.). The principal character is an airman and a good deal of the shift of scene necessary to the kind of story is effected by aeroplane. Obviously Mr. Shute is at home with all things aeronautical. He writes of aeroplanes with authority and conviction. But his story does not depend entirely upon it. The blurb might have more effectively pointed out that Mr. Shute is that *rara avis*, a born story-teller; that in this novel he has played his love story on variations which include science, drugs, aviation and re-incarnation, with more than a smattering of historical knowledge thrown in.

I believe that Mr. Shute could devise a first-class adventure novel out of a situation in which the only means of progression was a punctured tandem. Whether he would then be described as a new novelist of the velocipede would not affect the real issue, which is that he is a fine novelist of action, and worthy, as the late Humbert Wolfe has said, to be compared with John Buchan.

When an American hero returns to America's shores, via New York, the city turns out to do him honour in its most spectacular way. As the ship bearing him comes up the harbour dozens of little boats and tugs rush out to meet it. Fire floats play their hoses into the air, in lovely watery curves. Aeroplanes have already flown out to sea and circled and dipped in welcome. There is a reception committee, silk-hatted and genial, and finally there is the amazing ride up Broadway in an open car, preceded by motor-cycle policemen with screaming sirens, and showered with ticker tape and torn up telephone books from the cliffs of buildings on either side. Sometimes aeroplanes write their welcome over the sky in evanescent smoke and the huge white letters whirl across the sky for a minute or two before they dissolve.

Astonishing as all this is, it is true and even familiar. It is done for airmen, film stars, Channel swimmers, and kings. In Miss Pearl S. Buck's new novel, **OTHER GODS** (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.), it is done for a young American who climbs a Himalayan mountain on his own.

Miss Buck's foreword explains the book's theme, a typically American one, I consider, though this may not have been her intention. "This book," she writes, "is dedicated in true humility to all those hapless human beings whom their fellow creatures, by one accident or another, for a moment or for eternity, have made into gods."

The young man, Bert Holm, is a simple soul for whom the author claims childlike qualities. That is to say, he sulks, has trivial rages, boasts, underrates the effect of alcohol, has no moral sense and doesn't care much for brushing his teeth. Like some children, too, he is very beautiful. He is, all in all, as unlikeable a human creature as fiction has shown me for a very long time.

He marries a beautiful girl who has just been cruelly snubbed by the man she loves. Kit is quiet and introspective and utterly unsuited to be a hobbledehoy's wife. She tries to make the best of the situation, even to climbing mountains at his side, but oddly enough, this hardly endears her to the reader. Kit is well on the way to being an intellectual prig, of a type which I understand is more tolerated and encouraged in America than here, so perhaps to American readers she will make a less exasperating heroine.

But how Miss Buck can write, and how excellent a novel-technician she is. If that sounds dry you have only to work it out in terms of readability. There is nothing dull, nothing that seems at the time superfluous, and each character is as clearly defined as in a good photograph. I read this book with great pleasure and with only occasional twitches of impatience at what appeared to me to be a breath of smugness.

Now for two examples, both rather good of their kind, of escapist literature. The first requisite of this type of thing is, naturally, that it should be entertaining. Let the book bore the reader for more than ten minutes and he is back at his everyday worries and conjectures. Neither of these books is boring or indeed memorable, but that is not their purpose, and they while away time very adequately.

Mr. Michael Innes has written a good new detective story in **THERE CAME BOTH MIST AND SNOW** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), and has managed all the thrills of sudden murders and mysteries without producing a single corpse; a nice concession to present-day tastes. The setting, too, that he has chosen, is bizarre and yet credible; an old house with yet older ruins in its wide grounds, surrounded on all sides by a commercial town.

Every night, for this is a pre-war scene, an illuminated sign lights up the ruins and the terrace with flickering magenta and gold, as a monstrous bottle pours beer into an ever receptive glass. And by day trams thunder and squeak past the garden walls. Yet the priory itself remains unchanged, gracious and established and a fit home for the Canalettos and Guardis which hang in its rooms.

A Christmas party and a family reunion is what Americans so succinctly call the set-up. The owner of the house, the seventh baronet, is an unmarried man whose interests are in scientific expeditions. It seems quite likely that he may be negotiating the sale of the priory to a neighbouring brewer or to a neighbouring owner of cotton mills. His relations are variously concerned in this, some financially, some emotionally, and when one of them is found dying of a gunshot wound the existing tension is only heightened.

Mr. Innes is thorough in the dispositions of his plot: everyone in turn is accused of the attempted killing, and the detective, possibly to every reader's delight, forms an ingenious and totally misleading theory. It is good stuff and, incidentally, I like the title.

There is something pleasantly nostalgic about Lady Margaret D'Arcy's novel which makes it even better as "escape" reading. **CHARITY RACKET** (John Murray. 8s. 3d.) is a bright little book concerned with a form of social activity now possibly dead for ever.

The charity ball, given to bolster up the London season, because nobody can now afford to entertain privately on the same scale and debutantes must apparently be seen and noted, may never reappear in its familiar form. And that, like the abolition of the hobble skirt, is one of those tiny but comforting reforms which wars bring. Here is a sensible, cheerful, and disillusioned account of the organisation of one of these fearsome functions, and if it is all fiction, some of its more cynical moments have an only too credible appearance.

Of one thing I am certain and that is that Lady Margaret enjoyed the writing of it hugely.

It is all as light as one of the often mentioned Polino's *soufflés* and, temporarily, as satisfying.

# The LAST CHAPTER in FINLAND

*Scenes in That Gallant Country After Peace Was Signed*

SERIOUS-LOOKING FINNISH TROOPS READING NEWS OF THE HARSH "PEACE TREATY" ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF VIBORG WHERE ONE OF THE BIGGEST BATTLES OF THE WAR HAD TAKEN PLACE ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE

FINNISH WOUNDED SOLDIERS LEAVING A RED CROSS TRAIN AT HELSINKI, THE CAPITAL, UPON THEIR RETURN FROM THE WAR ZONE AFTER PEACE HAD BEEN DECLARED BETWEEN RUSSIA AND FINLAND

AT LEAST THE GALLANT FINNS WILL BE SPARED THIS IN THE FUTURE—WOMEN AND CHILDREN FLEE THROUGH THE WOODS FROM THEIR BOMBED VILLAGE NEAR HELSINKI. THE WHITE SHEETS WERE FOR CAMOUFLAGE

The war in Finland is over. Yet, with the signing of peace there were no signs throughout the country of thanksgiving. The districts to be taken over by the Russians have been evacuated, and when the Bolshevik conquerors march in they will find emptiness everywhere. The people they set out to liberate prefer their own sort of freedom. *On the left* is a portrait of the hero of Viborg, General Oqvist, commander of the Finnish troops who defended that city and which, even to the end, was unconquered by the Russians

PEOPLE IN THE STREETS OF HELSINKI RUSHING TO BUY "EXTRA" EDITIONS OF THE NEWSPAPERS ANNOUNCING THE SIGNING OF THE PEACE TREATY. IT WILL BE NOTICED THAT THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF THANKFUL RELIEF, DESPITE THAT THE WAR WAS ENDED

FOREIGN MINISTER TANNER FACES AN ARMY OF HOME AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS, WHO GRIMLY TAKE DOWN THE DETAILS OF THE PEACE TERMS TO PASS ON TO THE WORLD

# News from the Home Front

**PLANTS DELIBERATELY INFECTED TO DISCOVER CURES**

At the Rothamsted Experimental Station at Harpenden, in Hertfordshire, experiments are made with cures for various plant diseases after the plants have been deliberately infected. The results of the tests are then published. Tests are also carried out with artificial manure and fertilisers. In the picture above, a laboratory worker is inspecting plants infected by *Aphis*, a disease transmitted by biting insects. *Aphis*, or green-fly, is placed on the plant, which is then covered with glass for observation

**THE PLEASANT ART OF GROWING WATER-CRESS**

A scene of peaceful beauty at Andover, in Hampshire, as Mr. F. J. Hunter (on right) and his son tend their beds of water-cress. For the cultivation of this plant it is necessary to have clear water flowing continuously through the beds. These particular beds have been held in the same family for a hundred years

**A BRAVE SHOW OF SPRING BLOOMS IN THE PARK**

These members of the B.E.F. had only just arrived in London on their first leave from France. Pleased to be back home in London again, they took a walk through Hyde Park where they paused to admire the pre ent wonderful display of crocus—the first signs of spring

**DADDY COMES HOME FROM THE WAR!** LITTLE MARGARET JENKINS OF GRAYS, ESSEX, RUNS TO GIVE HER FATHER AN AFFECTIONATE WELCOME WHEN HE ARRIVED AT A LONDON RAILWAY STATION ON HIS FIRST LEAVE FROM FRANCE

**THE ULSTER GOVERNMENT'S EXAMPLE TO FARMERS**

A modern tractor ploughing virgin grassland adjoining the Parliament Buildings in Belfast (the official residence of the Speaker of the Northern Ireland House of Commons). This grassland is being ploughed up for the first time in a practical effort by the Government to show farmers an example in the "Grow More Food" campaign. Probably nowhere else in the world can ploughed fields be seen alongside a Parliament Buildin

**THE HORSE AND HIS GAS MASK**

These masks are now being tried out by Our Dumb Friends' League. In this picture a particularly docile horse is wearing one; what a mettlesome filly would do when requested to don such a mask must be left to the imagination, also, what other horses would do when confronted with such a weird spectacle!

**THE "MAJESTIC" TO BE BROKEN UP**

The old White Star liner has been sold to Messrs. Thomas W. Ward, Ltd. Workmen have begun removing the superstructure of the liner and generally lightening her in readiness for her removal from her present berth at Rosyth to the scrap yard

**MING RETURNS TO LONDON**

The Giant Panda cub, Ming, which was evacuated to Whipsnade, has now returned to the London Zoo, where she is on public view again. She now weighs nearly 200 lb., and is no longer likely to be a popular playmate, as she can scratch and bite heartily

**A DOG FALLS INTO A 100-FT. PIT**

When he fell into a Plumstead (London) gravel-pit a few nights ago, Prince became lodged on a ledge 100 ft. below ground-level. He was rescued by Mr. Joe Fox (on left) and Mr. P. A. Davis, when the former was lowered by rope—a perilous proceeding, as the recent frosts have made the sides of the pit crumble

**DETERMINED TO GET A GOOD VIEW OF THE BRIDE:** THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE, AT THE WEDDING OF LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS SHORTELAND, R.N.V.R., TO MISS ANGELA AKERS-DOUGLAS. TO FORESTALL INQUIRIES, WE CAN STATE DEFINITELY THAT WE DO NOT KNOW WHERE THIS DETERMINED SPECTATOR ACQUIRED EITHER HIS TOP HAT OR HIS DUNGAREES

**FIFTY INJURED AS A BIRMINGHAM TRAM OVERTURNS:** WHEN A TRAMCAR OVERTURNED IN PARK HILL, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM, A FEW DAYS AGO FIFTY PEOPLE WERE INJURED. THE TOP OF THE TRAM WAS TORN AWAY AND EVERY WINDOW WAS BROKEN. THE TRAM CAME TO REST WITH ITS SIDE LEANING ON THE RAILINGS OF A CHURCH

## HAT FASHIONS FOR THE SPRING

Miss Rosemary Barrow, with a striking "Punch" hat at Cheltenham

Miss Joan Hill, with a "quill pen" creation —also at Cheltenham

A new "boater" type displayed at a fashion show at Harrogate

An Edwardian headdress, complete with bow —also at Harrogate

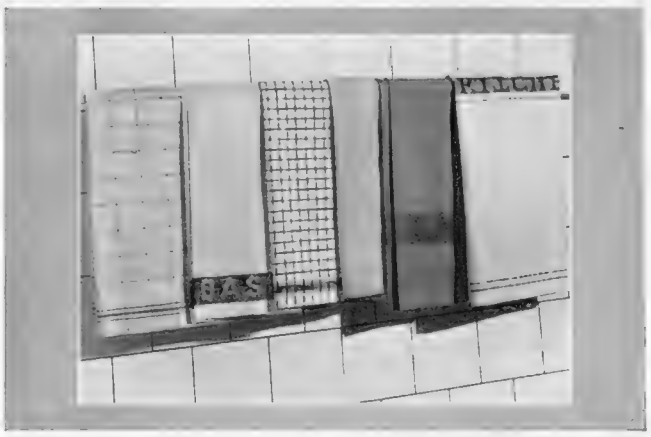
**MRS. J. McARTHUR RANK GOES BACK TO WORK**

Before her marriage to a member of the wealthy milling family, Mrs. Rank was Pamela Minchin, known as "Model No. 1" for outdoor photography. She is now back at work again, owing to the war-time shortage of models. Mrs. Rank became engaged five weeks after meeting her present husband and was married a month later

**FIRST WOMAN DIPLOMAT IN EGYPT**

Miss Dolores de Pedroso Sturdza, whose father was Spanish Minister to Poland before the war, is now an attaché at the Spanish Legation in Cairo, where the above picture was taken

## THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE AND THE LINEN CUPBOARD




**PREPARING FOR A COMING LINEN SHORTAGE**

**From the stocks now held by Walpoles of Bond Street**

*Above:* Cotton sheets, 18s. and 21s. 9d. in white. Coloured 29s. 6d., single size. Chenille border towels, 5s. 11d. to 21s. 9d. Natural linen officer's towel, 5s. 11d. Coloured border turkish towels, 3s. 11d. to 15s. 9d. Striped linen hand towels, 42s. dozen. *Lower picture:* All linen tea cloths, 15s. 9d. and 21s. 9d. dozen, linen dusters, 9s. 11d. and 5s. 11d. dozen

### LINEN LESSON

As the war progresses we become gradually more aware of a shortage in daily needs. Some are important, others merely inconvenient. In the home the impossibility of replacing linen will very soon become apparent, even if it is not so at present, and only those who have had the foresight to replenish the linen store cupboard will be left untouched.

Present export regulations decree that the manufacture of all linen goods for home civilian consumption must be suspended. The inevitable result of this is that when present manufacturers' stocks are exhausted we shall be obliged to draw upon private stocks or go without.

So far, and rather surprisingly, the retail cost of household linen has not substantially increased since the war. At least this applies to the stocks which are now held by Walpoles of Bond Street. Moreover, the quality of present stocks is still equal to pre-war standards.

Obviously, in providing against the coming shortage, one's choice will be more likely to rest upon serviceable things. Fortunately, in regard to linen, serviceable things can still be beautiful. Walpoles are making a special feature of household linen for the bed, the table, and the kitchen for this legitimate form of hoarding. All of it is good and durable, and a great deal of it is pretty.

Strong single bed cotton sheets, guaranteed for long wear and yet soft and reasonably fine of texture, cost 21s. 9d. a pair. For greater luxury—and of course a lifetime's wear—there are linen sheets, hand embroidered, measuring 2 by 3½ yards for 65s. Hard-wearing coloured cotton sheets are 29s. 6d. a set for single and 39s. 6d. for double bed size.

Among the many varieties of towels at Walpoles there is an outstanding one designed primarily for the use of serving men. It is of natural linen in a sort of basket weave finish. Highly absorbent, pleasantly rough and yet not scratchy, it is large enough for use as a bath towel and yet sufficiently compact to be carried about with ease. These towels are a very good bargain at 5s. 11d. each and can be thoroughly recommended for service and hard wear both in the services and at home.

# The WORLD of WOMEN

*New Pictures of Spring Fashions; and Portraits of Some Feminine Personalities*

**THE WOOL BRIDE—**

A "Wool Gala" was held recently at the Æolian Hall in Bond Street, the proceeds of which went to the Royal Naval Comforts Fund. Many fine gowns were displayed, amongst which was the Classic Gown pictured above: it was carried out in white wool, with gold embroidery, and was topped off with a Juliet cap

**AND THE BRIDE IN REAL LIFE**

Miss Jean Innes-Ker, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Lord Alastair Innes-Ker (Equerry to King George V) and of Lady Innes-Ker, arriving at St. Clement Danes, Strand, for her marriage to Mr. Reginald B. Barry-Black. Miss Innes-Ker is a cousin of the Duke of Roxburghe

**A NEW SPRING FASHION**

An evening gown of cream, gold and pink satin broché, complete with a modified bustle. Seen during the Spring Fashion Show held at the Royal Hall, Harrogate, in aid of the Red Cross

**DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS GENERAL**

Baroness Winterstein-Gillespie, daughter of Slatin Pasha, Austrian-born hero of the Sudan. She is planning to write the biography of her father, based on the diaries he left her on his death in 1932

**EARL'S DAUGHTER AS SALESWOMAN**

Lady Marguerite Strickland, actress daughter of the Earl of Darnley, is now working as saleswoman-mannequin in a Mayfair gown shop. Previously she had been training as an A.R.P. ambulance driver

# PHILIP PAGE on the THEATRE

## Archie de Bear's New Revue; An Intimate Show at the Duchess

IN his intimate revue, *Moonshine*, at the Vaudeville Theatre, Mr. Archie de Bear has most successfully recaptured the pleasant flavour of his shows at this theatre in the late 1920's. He has also recaptured Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, who was one of the local attractions in those less anxious times. Miss Stamp-Taylor has lost none of her good looks and has gained vastly in comedy experience; for she has since played a number of parts in "straight" plays, and all of them well.

She is admirably fitted to be a *commère* both decorative and amusing. Cheerfully does she introduce items which are very good indeed, and other items which, perhaps, are not quite so good. But the "ayes" have it. Probably Mr. de Bear, who is an experienced critic in more senses than one, has already deleted a seemingly interminable episode in which an Irishwoman (real or *ersatz*) tried to sell violets, and another in which two women tried to sell us the romantic virtues of the English rose, sometimes in song and sometimes in speech, but always at great length.

For the rest, the show is delightful—in a restful sort of way. By that I mean that one is never induced to laugh until one's sides ache and tears trickle down one's experienced cheeks. But there is a charming ripple of sophisticated fun—and I use the word sophisticated in its better sense. Particularly did I like a burlesque of the "Ye Olde Tudore Tea-Shoppe" sort of nonsense which now infests the British countryside and affords business-like activity to those females who are "quite ladies, you know. So plucky of them, don't you think?"

A sea-shanty sung by Mr. Alan Bourne Webb is another good spot; Mr. Alan Bourne Webb has an uncommonly fine baritone voice and is a Bourne to which every good music-lover should return. Miss Dolly Bouwmeester, who, I imagine, comes from Holland, does not treat us to a clog dance with hands on her hips (though there is a Dutch scene), but is in good form as a mischievous Oliver Twist and in high spirits throughout.

On the other hand, Mr. Frankau deserves full marks for the ingenious way he has arranged this little revue-cum-cabaret. Nearly all the sketches are good, and his own acting in them is first-rate, whether as a big-game hunter in Africa, as a cockney (with dance-duet), as a London business man (with Miss Renee Roberts most amusing as his secretary), or as an elderly and retired Army officer with warmish experiences in India (a role in which he bore an uncanny facial resemblance to the late Herman Finck).

Mr. Ted Ray was fairly funny in the patter which preceded his tackling a violin, and even funnier when he did tackle it. A grimly diverting sketch about a German family listening to the radio and waxing hungry over a solitary sausage is among the best silent revue-sketches I have ever seen. Miss Hilary Allen is a graceful high-kicker and can sing a bit. Miss Sylvia Saetre certainly knows how to put over a song which needs "S.A.," "oomph," "it," and the rest of the Hollywood physical vocabulary.

**"Pinocchio" (Film).**—I have long been convinced that the only really valuable features of the cinema world are French films, because they are invariably intelligent, and Mr. Walt Disney, because he is beyond question a genius. His new film *Pinocchio* is, of course, of the *Snow White* type, for that is his medium of expression, and a delicious one it is. Whether *Pinocchio* is better than *Snow White* or not quite so good seems to me to be beside the point. It is less romantic and sentimental, but it is as ingenious, or possibly more so, and it has the same humorously original charm. Yes, a production of genius.

**"Beyond Compere."**—If I may make a "compèreison," so to speak, between the Vaudeville revue and a still more intimate show at the Duchess, Mr. Ronald Frankau's *Beyond Compère*, I would say that the latter strives to please more adult minds but not always with success. Mr. Frankau himself, for instance, sings long, long songs to piano accompaniment which are possibly supposed to be rather daring. There is certainly from time to time an undercurrent of slightly suggestive facetiousness in them, which would be more apparent if one were not occupied with wondering what sort of tortured rhyme Mr. Frankau would evolve next.

**"The Silver Patrol."**—It is a long time since there has been a musical entertainment at the New Theatre, and a long time, too, since there has been a musical entertainment anywhere quite so crude as *The Silver Patrol*. This is a musical comedy of the spectacular and melodramatic type, the spectacle being quite good in its old-fashioned way, and the melodrama utterly ridiculous. I would not be surprised to find people turning up to see this show just in order to laugh in the wrong place, as they did fairly recently in one conspicuous instance. But the interpretation of this silly yarn of murder, jealousy, repentance, villainy, and heroism is in the hands of a most able cast, notable among them being Mr. Percy Heming, the operatic baritone, who is a first-class actor, Mr. Jack Melford, Miss Elizabeth French, Mr. Eric Maturin, who looked after the so-called romance; and Mr. Gene Gerrard, who was in charge of the intentional fun and was full of good intentions.

**MOONSHINING LIGHT** Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor getting ready for a scene in the new revue, *Moonshine*, at the Vaudeville Theatre. Miss Stamp-Taylor's witty and lively performance keeps the audience in a continuous state of merriment

# SAFETY FIRST PROPAGANDA

## A Bus Driver's Experiences During the Black-out

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

WHEN the new black-out 20 m.p.h. limit was imposed, the Minister of Transport let it be known that he intended to utilise the propaganda machine in an endeavour to teach the road-using public the various dangers which they might come across during the hours of darkness. The other week, therefore, I was pleased to hear over the radio a talk by a bus driver who in very simple but straightforward language allowed his listeners to understand the nerve-racking nature of his job during the black-out period. I only hope that the great majority of pedestrians not only listened but digested what he said. His great nightmare was the passing shadow which flitted across his path all of a sudden. Apparently he was never certain whether the shadow was really a shadow or a human form endeavouring to commit suicide.

I think the Minister of Transport would be well advised to carry on with this series of talks, but at more frequent intervals. In my opinion, talks of this nature, good as they may be, lose their effect altogether if such a long period as a week intervenes between any two. After all, the whole effect of propaganda is obtained by keeping the listener's or the reader's mind occupied with the desired subject day after day so that he can do nothing else but soak it in.

When I listened to this bus driver's talk I was full of appreciation, but I thought how much better the result would be if it were only practicable to sit every pedestrian beside that driver whilst he piloted his cumbersome vehicle along the streets during the hours of darkness. The pedestrian would then obtain a vivid impression of the conditions. We know, of course, that such a suggestion is quite impracticable and so it makes me think what is the nearest approach to this ideal.

In the early days of the moving picture I well remember sitting in a theatre which to all intents and purposes was a railway carriage. Very little was left to the imagination, in fact one's ears listened to noises which resembled very closely the rumble which the wheels of a train make as they speed along the rails. Not only that but the whole room jolted slightly just to give a more realistic impression. As one sat in the very comfortable chair provided one looked through the huge rear window of this artificial carriage and the appropriate view of the Alps or the Rhine was shown as it would be seen if the viewer were a passenger in a train passing through that particular country. The whole thing was desperately realistic but I cannot remember whether it was on view in an ordinary cinema or whether it was available only in an exhibition, such as Earl's Court.

The reason I mention this impression is because I think that the Government might encourage some showman to provide or even they themselves might subsidise the effort for the building of several picture centres in the various towns of this country and instead of the artificial railway carriage let us have a make-believe bus. People who came in and sat on the seats provided would be able to watch on the screen ahead all those shadows and strange things which cross the vision of the average bus driver during the hours of darkness.

Apart from this bus driver's talk and some small notices in the tubes of London I have not seen the result of any efforts of the Ministry in their proclaimed desire to educate the public as to the danger of the streets during the black-out period. These small notices to which I have referred are, in my opinion, not terribly clever. One I have noticed reads "You may see the vehicle as you cross the road but the driver may not see you." Such a statement does not draw a sufficient distinction between the pedestrian and the unfortunate driver.

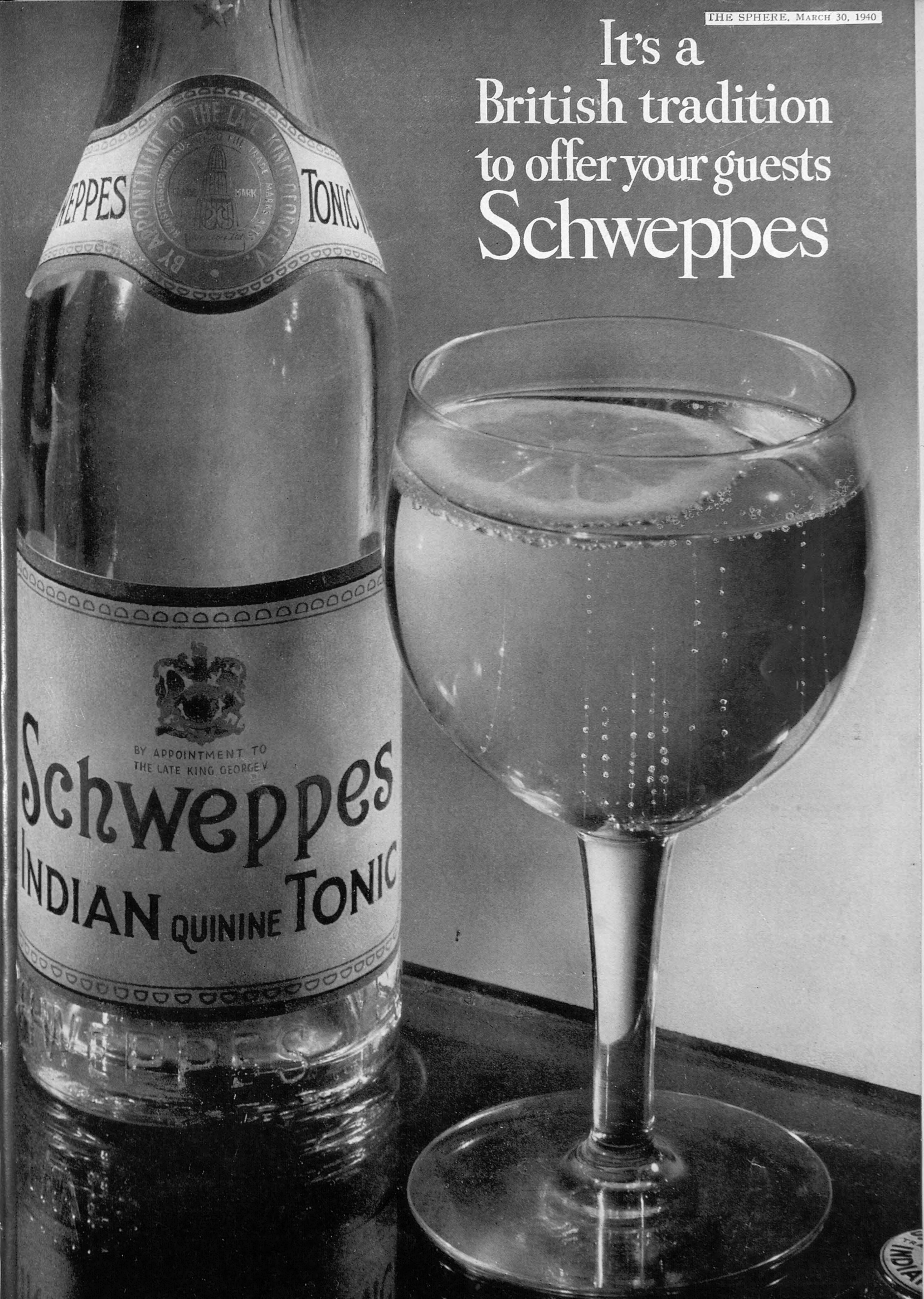
If the pedestrian is not completely crazy the chances are 99–1 that he can see the vehicle approaching, but the unfortunate driver's chances of seeing the fleeting pedestrian are only about 25-75.

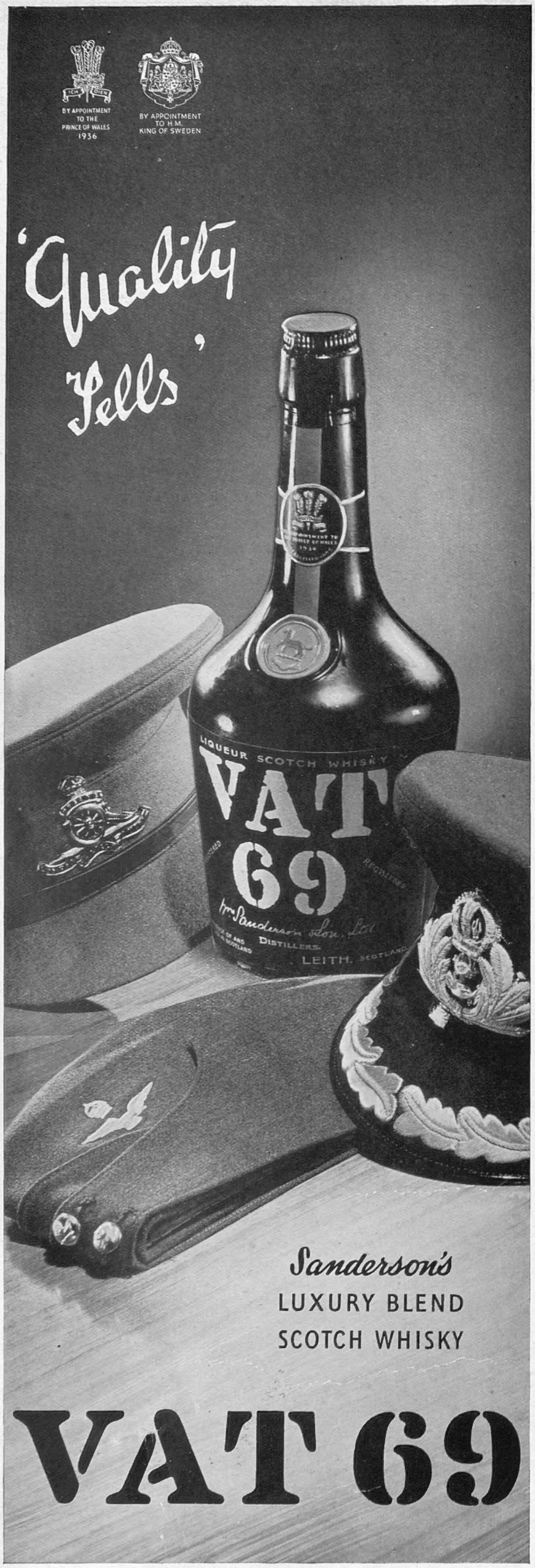
I suppose one of the attractions of motoring is that one's car is ever changing. The fact that it is going beautifully to-day does not necessarily mean that it will be going beautifully to-morrow. There are, of course, exceptions but these are usually only found amongst what I might call the luxury class. After struggling along for months, worried to death because the engine of my small car would not start nicely first thing in the morning, my troubles all melted into thin air when I emptied out the sump and refilled it with a thin lubricant.

I had not driven my car for more than a fortnight when this change of oil created an entirely new trouble. The oil level went down rapidly and I found myself adding half a gallon a week in order to keep the maximum mark on the dipper stick covered. Investigations showed that the oil was leaking out through the timing chain cover and so something had to be done about it. On taking the necessary bits apart it was discovered that the oil retaining ring was not concentric with the hole in the timing chain cover. With the comparatively thick oil in the engine this defect was not made manifest, but the moment the winter grade was introduced the fresh trouble started.

**DISPATCH RIDERS OF THE A.T.S. IN TRAINING** A number of girls of the Auxiliary Territorial Service are being taught to ride motor-cycles. After undergoing examination and tests they will pass out as dispatch riders. Miss Violet Wellesley, who was herself a dispatch rider in the last war, is seen explaining a mechanical point to two of the girls

# It's a British tradition to offer your guests Schweppes






# In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

## Where Children Can Play in Safety

THERE must be but a Spartan minority who would not have us in war-time consider holidays, leave, vacation, or whatever else we may care to name it. Whilst the daily questions of "How is business?" or "How long will the war last?" lead but to a dead end, the subject of holidays is ever a joyous one of anticipation and retrospection.

If this weekly feature savours rather of an old English made-up dish, you must thank or blame the variety of the correspondence I have had of recent weeks, for it consists of inquiries for Whitsun, and summer holidays beyond.

It was Mrs. "Bentick" who started me on the trail this week, for as she is constantly travelling around she asks that I deal with her conundrum in these columns. Her inquiry is as follows:—

"I am afraid my requirements may be impossible as I think you only visit and inspect expensive places, but I am risking an inquiry.

"Could you tell me of a very quiet reasonable little inn on or very near to Dartmoor, near a station, decent cooking, where we could spend a quiet holiday on reasonable terms? We should prefer to be on the west side of the moor.

"Would you reply in THE SPHERE, as we get that every week wherever we are and we are moving about almost daily while in England, but now want a little rest?"

You are wrong, Mrs. "Bentick," to think that I only inspect expensive places, because if you had read my articles regularly you would realise that I inspect everything from the five-star luxury hotel down to the humble starlet inn. Nor must it be thought that I merely recommend those places which advertise. I am constantly engaged in new discoveries and it so happens that I have found for you the very place which you seek.

It is the Oxenham Arms, at South Zeal, but 4½ miles from Okehampton. Here is an old inn steeped in history and one which I can vouch for as regards good cooking and comfortable beds.

Already I am getting a considerable number of inquiries for summer holidays and one can quite understand those who ask for "some quiet Cornish cove with a sandy beach for children." In this respect if it is a question of a town or just outside a town, Newquay and Bude are obvious choices. About a mile outside Newquay is that very admirable hotel the Headland.

Perhaps a more suitable hotel from a child's standpoint is the Hartland private hotel at Bude. Tucked away as it is off the main road away from all passing traffic, children can safely scamper out of the garden gate and in a matter of two or three minutes be on those wonderful sands which are one of Bude's great attractions. Another good point in favour of the Hartland is that it is not a smart hotel in the five-star sets. There is a personal touch about it, and even milk puddings take on a new note of interest in this attractively run hotel. But for a smaller place, Harlyn Bay, near Padstow, has much to commend it from a child's point of view. Here there are two very excellent smaller hotels, Yellow Sands and Lower Polmark, but the latter does not accept children under ten. Just close to Harlyn Bay is the lesser known Treyarnon Bay, and the Waterbeach Hotel is admirably suited for young folk.

Another place to consider and which is only about 8 miles from Penzance, the nearest rail-head, is Whitesand Bay Hotel, Sennen Cove, almost at Land's End. For those who think in terms of South Cornwall make a note of the very excellent Wide Sea Guest House at Downderry, near Looe, or the Boscarn Hotel in Looe itself.

The most surprising inquiry I had this week was one from Singapore from a family who are to come to England this year and wish to stay at an hotel where there are good croquet courts adjoining. Actually, few hotels in this country can offer regulation croquet courts (size 35 yards by 28) and the only one I know of which really specialises in this Victorian game of popularity is the Felix Hotel at Felixstowe. There are many hotels, however, where croquet can be enjoyed in close proximity to the hotels, as, for example, the Sackville Court Hotel, Hove, close to the Western Lawns, and the Rosemullion at Budleigh Salterton; and those hotels such as the Bedford at Buxton, which overlooks the Buxton Gardens.

As yet, there have been few inquiries for our south-east or east coast. It may be that the very lack of information concerning activities of enemy aircraft and loose mines has created the impression that the whole coast line from Folkestone in the south-east to Whitley Bay in Northumberland should be avoided.

Without giving away any detailed information I have reasons for knowing that the majority of places in this long stretch of coast line have neither seen nor heard enemy aircraft or mines. A great many of them are evacuation centres, and obviously would not have been selected for such a purpose unless there was some reasonable margin of safety.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*S. M., Guildford.*—In may interest you to know that The Hautboy at Ockham, just two miles off the Portsmouth road, are now running dinner and dances every Saturday night to, as they put it, brighten the black-out. Evening dress is quite optional, and, as this part of the world is well known to you, you should have no difficulty in groping your way there.

*L. H., Knightsbridge.*—In answer to your inquiry I think I know the type of hotel that would suit you. It is the Rosemullion at Budleigh Salterton; this is a first-class hotel overlooking the sea. Here you can get a good game of golf and the country is very lovely round about so you would be able to satisfy your desire for walking.

*Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor,* THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

### THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Admiral-of-the-Fleet the Earl of Cork and Orrery recently appealed on behalf of the work of the *Arethusa*. The Earl said: "In the last war many ex-*Arethusa* boys distinguished themselves. During this war one has recently been awarded the D.S.M., while another has just been awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal for the bravest deed of the year." In ending his speech the Earl said: "Just at this time, when our work becomes of the greatest importance, the means of continuing our effort are falling short. We face a deficit; we may have to cease work and abandon our lads." Donations should be sent to Admiral-of-the-Fleet the Earl of Cork and Orrery, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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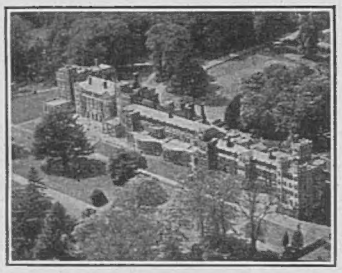

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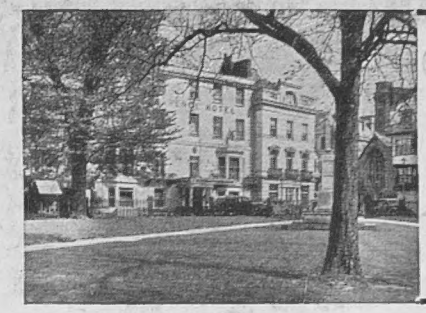

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# THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

*The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."*

## ENGLAND

**Bath.**—Lansdown Grove Hotel. Tel. 3235/36.
**Bexhill-on-Sea.**—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
**Blackpool.**—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
**Bognor Regis.**—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
**Boscastle.**—Wellttown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
**Bournemouth.**—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
**Bournemouth.**—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
**Bournemouth.**—Tollard Royal.
**Brighton.**—The King's Hotel.
**Bushey.**—Bushey Hall Hotel.
**Cambridge.**—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
**Chichester.**—The Ship Hotel. Tel. 2028.
**Chipping Campden.**—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
**Crowborough (Sussex).**—The Crest Hotel.
**Downderry (Cornwall).**—Wide Sea Guest House
**Dulverton.**—Carnarvon Arms.
**Dulverton (Som.).**—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
**Exeter.**—Royal Clarence Hotel.
**Falmouth.**—Greenbank Hotel.
**Folkestone.**—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
**Goring-on-Thames.**—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
**Hove.**—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
**Leatherhead.**—The Red House Hotel.
**Lyme Regis.**—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
**Manchester.**—Bowdon Hydro.
**Newquay.**—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
**Newquay.**—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
**Paignton.**—Palace Hotel. A.A.****
**Paignton.**—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
**Paignton.**—Redcliffe Hotel.
**Pulborough (Sussex).**—Lodge Hill Hotel.
**St. Austell (Cornwall).**—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
**Salisbury.**—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
**Sanderstead (Surrey).**—Selsdon Park Hotel.
**Scarborough.**—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
**Sidmouth.**—Cedar Shade Hotel.
**Sidmouth.**—The Torbay Hotel.
**Torquay.**—Grand Hotel.
**Torquay.**—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
**Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).**—Waterbeach Hotel.
**Tunbridge Wells.**—The Spa Hotel.

## ENGLAND—*continued*

**Twyford (Berks.).**—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
**Weymouth.**—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
**Worthing.**—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

## GREAT NORTH ROAD

*(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)*

**Catterick (229).**—Bridge House Hotel.

## ENGLISH LAKES

**Keswick.**—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
**Keswick.**—Royal Oak Hotel.

## LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel. W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel. Gloucester Road. S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St.. N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace. S.W.7.

## SCOTLAND

**Stranraer.**—Auld King's Arms.

## WALES

**Amlwch (Anglesey).**—Bull Bay Hotel.
**Llangollen.**—The Hand Hotel.
**Tan-y-bwlch.**—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

## NORTHERN IRELAND

**Belfast.**—Grand Central Hotel.
**Rostrevor.**—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

## EIRE

**Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).**—Ross's Hotel.
**Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).**—Royal Hotel.
**Greenore.**—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
**Greystones (Co. Wicklow).**—Grand Hotel.

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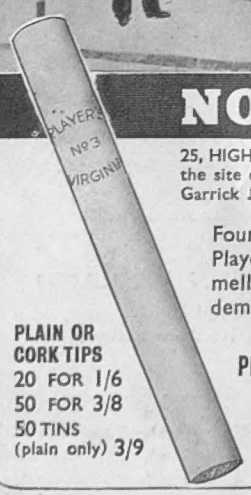


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